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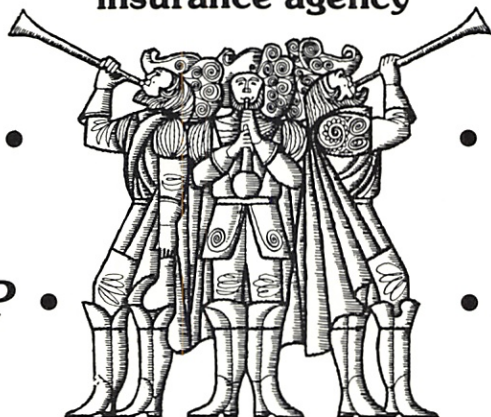
May, 1980

The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region Vol. III, No. 6



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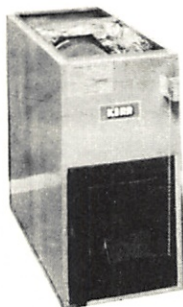
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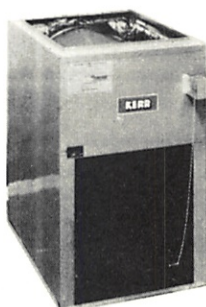
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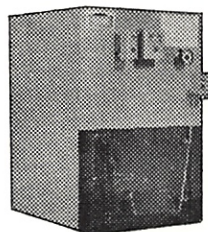
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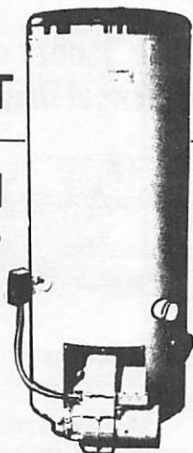
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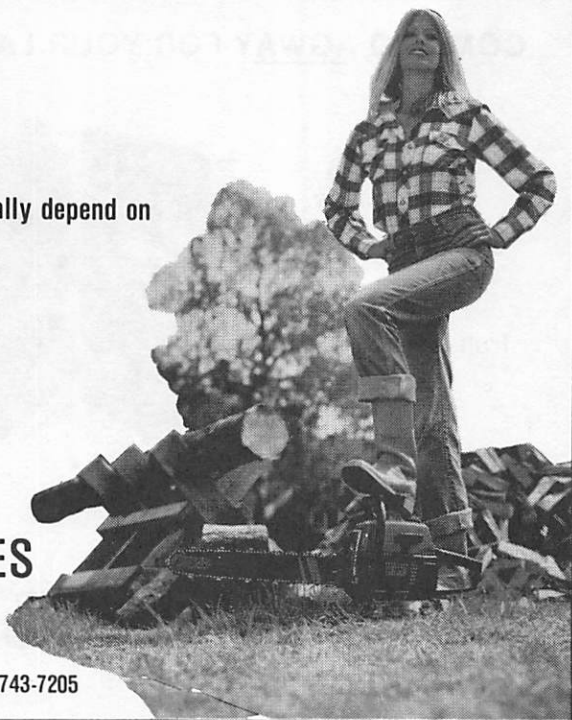
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Crossroads



BitterSweet Views	5
Ayah	6
Making It: Jim & Renee of The Paris Hill Shop by Nancy Marcotte	11
Homemade: Wild Edibles	14
Rod Pressure by J. Featherstone Privy	17
Thinking of Country Things by John Meader	20
Jay's Journal by Jay Burns	23
Just Off The Shelf by Wini Drag	26
A Turn-of-the-Century Childhood Photography by Nettie C. Maxim ...	28
Goings On:	
About Art & Artists by Harry C. Walker	32
Greek Birds & American Adolescents by Nancy Marcotte	33
Can You Place It?	36
More Mt. Abram Hotel by Walter Maxim	36
Nothing Exotic: Just Herbs by Pat Meader	40
Medicine For The Hills by Dr. Michael Lacombe	45
Home Front: A Nice Set of Buildings by G. R. Allen	46
The Maine Potatoes by Britt Wolfe ...	54
Peddler/Brainteaser	55
The Last Look	55

Poetry:

In Lilac Time / Durgin	5
Underneath / Hardman	19
Transplanting / Barnes	22
Slap! / Thurston	25
Listening / Durgin	43
Yes Otta, A Dove / Shaw	45
Dialogue / Kerr	51

CREDITS

Illustrations: Phoebe Levine, 14; Alison Kenway, 22, 45; Paula Hutchinson, 24, 26, 40, 42; Brenda White, 25; **Photos:** G. R. Allen, 4, 46 - 54; Nancy Marcotte, 10, 11; Nick Durso, 33; Tom Stockwell, 54. **Cover:** Waterfall by Nettie Cummings Maxim. **Last Month's Cover:** Credit was inadvertently omitted for Milkweed by Paul Dubay of Norway.

IN LILAC TIME

My neighbors live
across
the brook
and up
the winding rise

Gentle people
I seldom see
for only every May
their lilacs
bloom
scent
purple perfume
call

me
to their cellar hole
filling

May by May
by May

Winslow Durgin
Minot

BITTERSWEET VIEWS:

May is the month when husbandmen hasten to prepare the soil and to plant seeds, confident that sun and moisture will work their mysterious processes and that in good time Earth will yield her bounties for the needs of man. In the countryside patient horses plod up and down the fields. Long ribbons of moist brown soil curl away from the glistening glare share and lie in symmetrical patterns as chugging tractors wheel back and forth, speeding the work for men who must labor in accord with the season's fullness.

The leaves on beeches, oaks, maples, and birches are pushing outward and upward. The poplars, alders, and willows are giant grayish-green bouquets. The sumac buds have begun to swell on the scraggly, twisted branches. The old gaunt Sheldon pear tree behind the woodshed is a mass of white blossoms...

From the brown carpet of the woodland the wake-robins, painted trilliums, and lady's slippers are lifting green stalks upward to the mullioned shafts of light. The brook-traversed meadows have pushed their grasses above the frost-tanned winter growth, and the upthrusting buds of the cowslips are growing plumper each day. In swamps and on rocky hillsides the small

rose-purple blossoms of the high-bush blueberries are open to the May sun. Gone now is the creeping advance of Earth's first awakening. This is the crescendo movement of her annual symphony.

* * *

With those words, Haydn Pearson, author and former columnist for *The New York Times* captured a simpler time for all of us. His book, *The Countryman's Year*, written in 1949, is a gem of incomparable observations about country living. We share more of his delightful prose with the latest Nettie Cummings Maxim photos on page 28. □

WANTED: I am seeking information about my great-great-aunt, Persis Sibley Andrews Black, who lived in Paris Hill from 1845 - 1891, her first husband Charles Andrews, and her second husband Alvah Black. I am particularly interested in letters or anything which contains details about their physical appearance or life in Paris Hill. I am also searching for Mrs. Black's journals of 1839 - 1840, 1842 and 1853 - 1891. Please write Caroline P. Brainard, 181 Spring St., Newport, R.I. 02840 or call collect 401/846-8258.

BitterSweet

RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220, (207) 336-2517

Michael & Sandy Wilhelm, Publisher & Editor

Nancy Marcotte, Copy & Production Editor

Paula Hutchinson, Layout Artist

Tom Stockwell, Advertising Manager

Lottie Record, Distribution Manager

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Ayah

letters to the editor

C. A. STEPHENS' HOUSE

I was pleased to see my article on Zilpha Anne Plummer in the February issue of **BitterSweet**. I also appreciate very much the fine review of my book, *The World of C. A. Stephens*, written by S.S.W. in the same issue.

There is, however, a minor typographical error to which in the interest of accuracy I should mention. The article on page 7 describes the Laboratory as a "magnificent stone" house. The review on page 37 also refers to the "magnificent stone laboratory."

I don't know how the word "stone" crept in, but The Laboratory was not built of stone but was entirely constructed of wood. I wish it had been made of stone for, if it had, it probably would still be standing. I made my first visit to Norway in the summer of 1953 and arrived on the day that the wreckers had the grand old Laboratory half torn down. It will always be a matter of lasting regret that I did not arrive a couple of days earlier and thus have had an opportunity to see it in all its glory.

With all good wishes to you and **BitterSweet**, I remain, Sincerely,

Ronald G. Whitney
Springfield, MA

A HUNTER'S REPLY

More than two dozen people have told me how much they enjoyed my deer hunting story in your November issue—several people said they bought the magazine just to read it.

I don't know where Reta S. Forester has been all her life if she is unaware that more than 200,000 people buy licenses to hunt deer in Maine and that they harvest more than 30,000 a year.

I do not enjoy killing deer, but venison is very good eating. Deer are very smart—and they have a sporting chance. If she has ever eaten a hamburger she should be aware that the beef animal that it came from had no chance at all—hitched by the neck.

Maybe she is one of the people who prefer the deer to be eaten alive by dogs or coyotes.

As for my grandchildren, I am proud of them. Yes, they hunt, fish, ski, and snowshoe. They also chop wood, put in hay, babysit and are dependable, responsible teenagers. They don't smoke, drink, or use drugs. And they love and respect me for my hunting, work, and cooking.

Lucretia Douglas
West Baldwin

JOHN AND JAMES

Enjoyed your February issue so much . . . parti-

cularly John Meader's article on *Wood* and James Swan's *Home Comfort* . . . Cosmo and Odette were comforting characters and Mr. Swan put so many chuckles in for the reader, in describing them. I shall look forward to reading more of his stories!

So many new families seem to be moving to Maine these days that I thought maybe this poem "New Neighbors" would be appropriate, and would be glad if you find a place for it in **BitterSweet**.

(Mrs. H. T.) Marjorie (Bartlett) Anderson
Owls Head

NEW NEIGHBORS

by Stanley Foss Bartlett (from his "Silent Songs")

New Folks are on the Perkins place
Where no one's farmed for years;
They're strangers in the valley but
It's good to have them near.
Their chimney smoke at early morn
And glowing pane at night
Across the rising meadow mists
Is neighborly to sight.
They've cut the brush along the lane
And fixed the pasture wall
And trimmed the orchard trees, until
It seems that, all in all,
They're thrifty folk, and apt to be
Right pleasant ones to know.
They've cleaned the well and patched the roof
And have begun to sow
The southwest slope to timothy.
I think, when I go by,
I'll stop and let these strangers know
That friends are living nigh.

FERRY CROSS THE ANDROSCOGGIN

While in the Stephens Memorial Hospital, I picked up a copy of January, 1979 **BitterSweet**. On page 37 there is a short article by G. E. Whitman, of South Paris, stating that at one time there were four ferries across the Androscoggin River. I think he is mistaken, for as a boy I rode the ferry many times from Livermore to Strickland, which was a village in East Livermore. I am not too sure, but I think there was one at Canton Point also, before the bridge was built there.

I have many fond memories of the ferry at Livermore, as my Dad carried the mail from Brettons Mill to Strickland, to meet the down train for a number of years, and I rode with him many times. At that time the ferry man, as we called him, was Bill Merrill. Just before we reached the river I would hide under the wagon seat, but he always found me, and would pick me up and hold me out over the water. This was a large ferry, and would hold about six vehicles, I think.

One night Dad came home and told about a man who had just bought a new Model T car, and without much instruction, was driving it onto this ferry. He got nervous, forgot how to use the brakes, and the car went into the river. As far as I

know, it is still there. He was able to get out, though.

In the Spring ice break-up, Mr. Merrill and Dad would have to walk across the river carrying the mail. Each would carry a long pole, which would catch on the ice, in case they broke through. Dad never got more than one leg through the rotten ice.

Merton A. Timberlake
Norway

FAMILY TIES

I just read a pretty good story in your February issue written by Nancy Marcotte titled *Maine's Conservation School: Putting Man Into the Picture*. It was extra good in my opinion because Nancy mentioned John Whitney. John is my son, born at University of Maine when I was a student there in the class of 1951. John's mother, my wife Marguerite, is the daughter of Mrs. Winifred "Grammie" Merrill of Harrison, and so the granddaughter of Nettie Cummings Maxim whose photography **BitterSweet's** readers have been enjoying.

My name is Fred W. Whitney and I was born to Howard S. and Erna McAlister Whitney. Erna was a sister to Ada Shaw, Archie, Howard and Carrol McAlister, all of South Paris. I call Archie my rich uncle Bim.

On the Whitney side, my grandfather was Fred Augustas Whitney, a good Maine farmer and hoss trader. Fred A. is the original who went to Waterford Fair, traded hosses seven (7) times, came home with the same hoss and two hundred dollars. Ed "Trader" Tarbox of Harrison is my cousin and has a picture of some real Harrison notables. If you can get an offer from "Trader" to loan you the picture, and your Harrison and Paris friends should want, I'll write you a few articles about the last of the Whitneys or the story of a Harrison family who, sometimes with much sorrow, moved away from Harrison.

Should you wish to print this letter I'm sure "Grammie" Merrill would like to see John's name again. Mrs. Merrill took care of "Trader" Tarbox's grandmother one winter while I was courting Marguerite.

All Harrison folks are good Maine Farmers and their roots run from Harrison to eternity and backward to God-knows-where.

Keep up your good work—it ain't bad, and let me know how many folks remember John's great-grandfather Fred Augustas and want to hear more. A retired-tired school teacher,

Fred W. Whitney
Oakland

P.S. When the Mrs. read this she tells me that we used to babysit Nancy Marcotte when her folks, Glenn and Ruth Chute, were fellow classmates at Maine. That also makes Nancy and John Whitney some kind of relatives, who can tell me what? "Trader" Tarbox is my second cousin—Harry Haynes was Trader's uncle and also Nancy's grandfather.

HARRISON

I think that your **Can You Place It** picture in the February **BitterSweet** is another Harrison scene. I think it was taken on the east shore of the lake, approximately in back of the present Harrison Post Office and looking toward the head of the lake. The road from Harrison to Bridgton goes around the end of the lake on the right side of the picture and the large set of buildings with two smoke stacks on the left are the old Burnham and Morrill corn shop which is no longer there. The other buildings are more or less the same.

*Dick Denison
Norway National Bank*



WALTER ELBRIDGE MORTON

We have just begun to receive our copies of **BitterSweet** and enjoy it as much as we thought we would when we had a chance to look it over last summer while visiting "at home" in South Paris..

I am enclosing a poem and illustration which were found in with some materials labeled "Walter's sketches and other works" and had been stored for many years in a Morton family attic. I feel confident that the work is both original and that of Walter Elbridge Morton, who died of tuberculosis at the tender age of 23, leaving a wife and two little daughters. He was an artist of considerable talent and left numerous works that are family pieces of great sentimental value. He had instructed his tiny daughters in art and their interest in that field led them both to careers in art.

Although the poem is old, it has never been published, and I feel it is too precious to be lost. Perhaps by sharing it with your readers, who certainly should be able to picture this little girl sitting on her "doorstep broad," the essence of an old way of life in Maine can be preserved.

Walter Morton's widow, Elizabeth Whitman Morton, remarried several years after her first husband died. She married secondly her brother-in-law, George Randall Morton of South Paris who was the father of Henry W. Morton of So. Paris, and so she was my husband's grandmother.

*Carol Morton (Mrs. William R. Morton)
Bothell, WA*

WEE MAID MADGE

Wee Maid Madge with bare brown legs
And tangled flaxen hair
On the doorstep broad of an old farmhouse
Sat making a patchwork square.
Over and over the needle flew
Through the sprigs on the calico gay,
And the little maid said to herself
"I des I'll det it done today.
An inch and tauter big it is,
My Grampa told me so;
Des as long's my nose, he said, but that
Was des for fun, you know."
So she bent her curls over the puckered seam
And merrily worked away,
So busy she saw not her chicken pets
Nor cared with the rooster to play.
The last stitch set in the tiny square
Maid Madge declares with pride
That before 'tis sent to Grandmama
It must be washed and dried.
Such a tiny, tiny square it was,
So scrubbed on its puckered little seams,
And hung on the primrose bush
While out to play went Madge again.

*W. E. Morton
(1867 - 1890)*



GRANDMA'S SECRET

In Grandma's day
Long, long ago
She never let her ankles show.

And Grandpa's interest
She kept that way
Before they married
And to this day.

It's modern now
To show it all
They marry in the spring
And divorce in the fall.

*Lilla Perry
Buckfield*

The Buckfield Hound

by Alice Parks

Part II

The Buckfield Hounds would probably never have won any prizes for looks if going up against other thoroughbred breeds, but they had all the things a man looked for in a hunting companion. Deep brown eyes were thought to be one of the most important

features. The top of the head was flat, and most tails were rat shaped. The dogs had good round feet that pointed straight ahead as opposed to the long narrow feet seen on some dogs, which got sore quickly. Some pups were born with dew claws, or an extra stub of a toe high up on the back of the leg which was usually removed since they, too, could sore-up a dog. It is thought that the dew claws might be a throwback to a time when dogs climbed trees.

The Buckfield hounds also stood on the ends of their toes and were not crow or splay-footed. On crust or frozen ground the pads of their feet did not get sore.

Females averaged a weight of 40 to 45 pounds while the males would sometimes go from 50 to 55 or 60 pounds, averaging in height from 20 to 24 inches at the shoulder. They were muscular and deep-chested with plenty of lung room and were square-muzzled with medium long ears. Most were predominately blue-ticked (freckled or speckled). A dog might have black patches and off-white fur ticked with blue or red or, possibly, some of both. Or a blue dog might be ticked with brown freckles. The possible color combinations were endless.

Bred for accuracy in trailing a fox, the Buckfield hounds had an excellent nose, staying power and endurance, and a loud voice with a fast bark—the latter being a most desirable trait.

They were a cold-trailing dog, meaning they could pick up the track of a fox which was 24 hours old, depending on the weather conditions. When a dog cold-trails, he is driving by picking up with his nose the foot scent left by an animal in its tracks. A hot trail means that the dog has actually picked up the body scent of his quarry. Any fox hunter who knows his dog can tell which way the dog is trailing, hot or cold, by the



sound of the hound's voice. The bark usually increases and the tone changes when the dog goes from a cold to a hot trail.

The nature of the Buckfield hound breed was a study in extremes. The dogs were usually very docile when around people, not inclined to jump up or act

frisky. But the hounds were very aggressive when hunting. They had many of the most desirable traits of a hunting dog, but because of their otherwise quiet nature, they also made good house pets. Most farm families in this part of the country had a hound who served such a two-fold purpose—house pet and hunter.

Never, as far as can be ascertained, was the Buckfield hound a recognized breed. It is not known if any dogs were ever registered. But the breed was recognized as a strain throughout the fox hunting world. It is said that George Rand of Chester, New Hampshire, raised a breed called the Buckfield hound, but the fact that the dogs were red ticked raised some skepticism over whether they were really Buckfield hounds.

It is known that one of the first domesticated animals acquired by the cave man was a hunting dog called a hound. Some of the pharaohs had lion dogs which were buried with their masters. Basic long-eared trailing hounds originated from the blood hound and were cross bred back and forth. Most of the American southern fox hounds originated in England and ran in packs. From 40 to 100 of the short-eared dogs ran in a pack when clubs in the south rode to the hounds. A lot of the pack dogs were sight dogs, running their quarry by seeing fox as opposed to trailing dogs who run by scent.

Long-eared, single trailing dogs were introduced to the northern United States by the early French and other settlers who came to this area to hunt for furs. The Buckfield hound was one of the few dogs originating in the north rather than in the south. Bred originally and primarily for fox dogs, they were sometimes used to hunt other game, depending on the economics of the times.

In the past in England, the only people who could afford to keep pack dogs were royalty

or landed gentry. Canine distemper took many a good dog, the mortality rate for animals stricken with the dreaded disease being 90 percent or more. Even if a dog lived through the malady, his motor nerves and scent were usually ruined for hunting. Medicines distributed by veterinarians for hounds afflicted with the ailment ran into the millions of dollars and it is possible that, up until not too many years ago, the English spent more money trying to find a cure for distemper than many countries spent on the research of human diseases.

In the 1930's, the story goes, almost everyone in the area in and around Buckfield had a fox hound, most of which had probably been bred back, sometime or another, to the Buckfield strain. Time goes by and memories become fogged, but some hound owners included Sheriff George Fletcher, who lived where our family now resides. Fletcher is said to have owned hounds all his life. Guy Ellingwood, Milton Warren, Alfred Jordan, the Lovejoys, Austin Allen, the Damons, Fred Parks and the Churchills on Teague's Hill were thought to have had fox hounds, and the members of the Monmouth Fur club were said to have owned a pure-blood Buckfield hound (or as pure as you could get). Other sources reported that Thomas Record, who lived where Ted and Henry Holmes now live and worked in the grain mill across from the Railroad depot in Buckfield, was the proud owner of a Buckfield hound.

Lynn Wardwell raised Buckfield hounds for years at his home on Lower Street in Turner. The last pup he raised, a blue tick with red tick legs and a brown head, was sold when eight months old in the 1920's to Ernest (better known as Major or Junior) Briggs, Jr. of East Auburn for \$12.00. Fox hound-bred, the dog was being trained as a rabbit hound when he met an early demise.

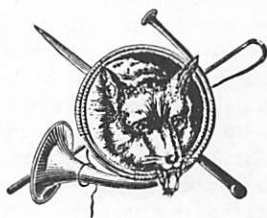
It is believed that the Monmouth Fur Club compiled a history of the Buckfield hounds, but efforts to locate it have proved fruitless. Fred Streever, a writer for *National Sportsman* magazine was also interested in the Buckfield breed.

Most of today's blue ticks are now large dogs weighing from 75 to 100 pounds and out of the south. There are now registered blue tick breeds, such as the Walker hounds. However, now that hunting for a living is a thing of the past for most people, small blue or multi-colored ticked dogs of the Buckfield

type are seldom, if ever, seen.

But ask any old timer in this part of Oxford county about the Buckfield hound and chances are ten to one that the name of the breed will have a familiar ring and may bring back many a memory of a crisp, clear day, the song of the hound over the hills and fields, the feel of a shotgun or rifle hanging evenly balanced from a hand, and the orange-red, white bellied, black legged color of a prime fox. □

(Note - the writer would be interested in any information anyone might know or have on the Buckfield hound. Information may be sent to the writer at P.O. Box 177, Buckfield, Maine 04220 or to **BitterSweet**, RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Maine 04220)



You don't say

THE MAY BASKET

An old-timer penned a few lines recently about the delightful tradition of the May Basket and the way it used to be done:

"Back along, the May nights seemed warmer than now, and the polliwogs and their papas made more of a racket . . . The trick (of hanging a May Basket) was fairly simple, and didn't run into much money. The method never varied.

"Armed with a large and generously filled May Basket, you chose the home of the pretty girl up the road, waited until darkness fell, advanced to the front door, rapped sharply, then ran, not too fast, into the orchard. The girl was supposed to catch you. She was to be hugged and kissed.

"Of course there were hazards . . . the over-protective mother, the clothesline at neck level, and by the middle of May you'd run out of girls."

□ N.M.

Making It

The Best of Old and New:

Jim & Renee of The Paris Hill Shop

by Nancy Marcotte

The Paris Hill Shop is an antique farmhouse, and it is filled with antique furniture and items of all description. The house is actually on the Ryerson Hill Road, on the back side of Paris Hill, and its owners—"Uncle" Jim Hastrich and Renee Bowen—combine the best of old and new in their life there.

Still in their thirties, Jim and Renee have been working together ever since they met about six years ago in Alfred, Maine. Both were antique dealers and Renee says "fate and money" led them to their current situation. Driven out of her flourishing antique clothing and jewelry business in Cambridge and Boston by the riots of the 1960's, Renee fled to a friend's house in Maine for peace, quiet and security. There she met Jim, who was selling furniture and establishing a friendship with the Shaker community. The two began building new furniture from Shaker designs and eventually brought their business to the former Stearns farmhouse on Paris Hill several years ago.

A simple sign, hand painted for them by a friend and bearing the Shaker "tree of life" symbol, announces to the passer-by that antiques are sold within the neat white clapboard house.

Inside, the building is a home as well as a shop. The entrance is through the kitchen. Plants fill the windows. Against a background of white walls and sloping board floors is an accumulation of lovely old things, simply arranged.

Renee and Jim and their cats live among mirrors, velvet patchwork and hand-painted woodenware; old brass, antique chests, and turn-of-the-century dolls. They gladly share their considerable knowledge about antiques in general and things Shaker in particular.

The focus of their shop-cum-living room, however, is something new and exciting to them: it is the world of miniatures displayed in glass-front shadow boxes. Renee and Jim have virtually given up the manufacture of life-size furniture for the more lucrative

occupation of building miniatures.

Each little room in their collection contains accoutrements in exacting detail: tiny dishes, miniature furniture with wee knobs and drawers that work, little rugs, minute painted stencilling. Most of the furniture is classic Shaker in style origin. One little room—a perfect reproduction of a Shaker workshop—contains an intricate bench and tiny tools all at a scale of less than an inch to the foot. This shadow box (which sells for about \$200) recently won third prize at a national miniature show.

Bowen and Hastrich work side by side in their at-home workshop in the shed chamber. They stick to an organized schedule to fill orders for their special little objects. But, following their lunch break, if the wind is right, the Paris Hill Shop owners relax in a brief run through their fields, enjoying one of their newest of pleasures: kite flying.

Uniquely aeronautical and well designed of heavily-stitched canvas, the kites Renee and Jim fly are the cream of the crop for wind freaks: Nantucket Kiteman originals. Each kite is individually made and strong. Some

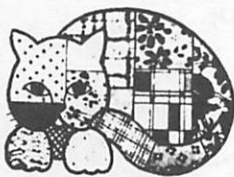


Daniel & Sally Gray fly a kite with Renee Bowen

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are brightly striped and others, like the Snowy Owl, are made in bird shapes. The larger of the kites, which the Paris Hill Shop now sells, is for adults only. When a 10-m.p.h. wind catches its wings, a grown-up person may need every bit of the 80-lb. test line to which it is attached. Renee and Jim and their visitors find soaring the Nantucket kites over the apple orchard thrilling. Even the sight of the kites hanging against the living room window frames is pretty spectacular.

These spring days find the Paris Hill Shop particularly alive with fun, in fact. There's always something for visiting children to see and do: a miniature country store, a bright orange kite, a Chinese yo-yo, a three-legged cat. Bowen and Hastrich also fill adult lives with fun. Not content merely to go dancing for pleasure and exercise, Renee was instrumental in starting a clogging dance group with which both participate on Monday nights. Clogging—one of the oldest of Appalachian country dances—derives from the Scotch and Irish jigs of early American settlers. It is lively and energetic and the Paris Hill couple enjoys practicing steps and teaching them to others.

They even find fun in the simple everyday act of preparing food. Along about this time of year, before their extensive garden is up, Jim and Renee begin to forage for wild edibles to delight their palates. They have shared some of their favorite recipes and ideas with us in our *Homemade* section, which follows. □

Marcotte lives with her two children in Norway, where she contributes regularly to BitterSweet and enjoys clogging on Monday nights.



Todd Richard and Uncle Jim Hastrich

You don't say



DIRTYFOOT WITCH DOCTOR ON WARPATH

Wicked Eyes, the fierce and vengeful Dirtyfoot Indian witch doctor, foresees a setback for the wily paleface settlers who ran the proud red man out of his homeland and transformed the great forests into parks, picnic areas, lovers' lanes, and hide-aways for stills and outlaws. Wicked Eyes says the whole damn country belongs to the Indians and he intends to go to Washington and tell them so.

During an interview with roving reporters at West Minot's Trading Post, Wicked Eyes told how the pioneers brewed second-rate firewater and sold the foul-tasting grog to the unsuspecting Indians, who greeted the strange people from a distant land as blood brothers. "We gave them peace pipes to smoke, plowed their gardens and planted their corn, furnished them turkeys for Thanksgiving, and helped build the sturdy log forts from which they then used to shoot at us," screamed Wicked Eyes.

According to Wicked Eyes, once the crafty settlers got the unsuspecting Indians pie-eyed, they purchased large tracts of land for a pittance in the name of some king, explaining all the while that they only wanted to cut a few select trees for His Majesty's Ships, whoever in tarnation he was. "He never showed up around these parts," boomed Wicked Eyes.

Wicked Eyes says it was all a lot of double-talk and hog wash. "True to their word, the settlers did cut trees for ships' masts," admitted Wicked Eyes, "but greed soon set in and they cut every tree and bush in sight and reach of their axes, then built cities of stone and steel where the stately monarchs of the forest once stood. The forked-tongued palefaces ravaged the land. They used the wood to build log cabins, bar rooms, and outhouses," bellowed Wicked Eyes. "I say it's time for a day of reckoning!" and Wicked Eyes slammed an empty glass against a smokey wood stove filled with green wood he had sold to the Village Trading Post at an exorbitant fee.

This candid photo snapped by Russell Funk with his Brownie camera shows the mad witch doctor sharpening his trusty scalping knife. Best keep an eye on wily Wicked Eyes. He's a mite sneaky himself, so it's said. □

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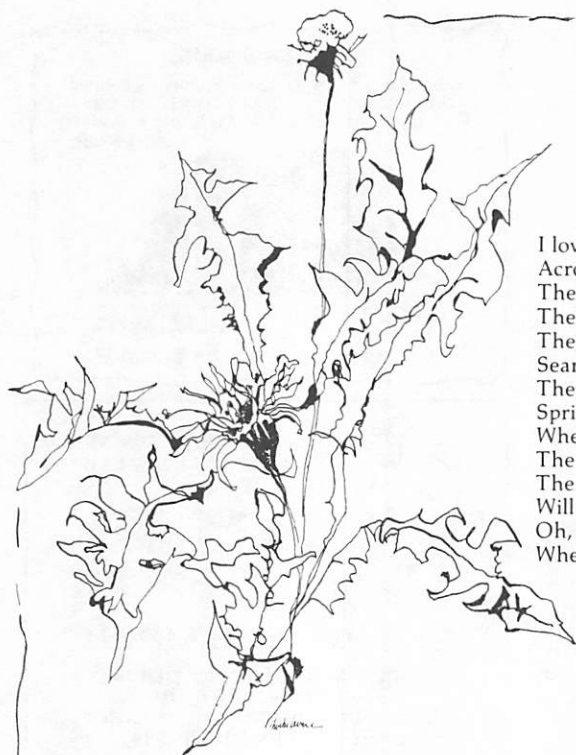
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DANDELION GREENS

I love to watch the children as they go
Across the fields, so lately white with snow,
They seem to step with springtime, hand in hand,
Their knitted jackets bright against the land;
They scurry here and there like busy ants,
Searching for young dandelion plants.
They kneel upon the ground to dig with care
Spring's tonic—gift of earth, and sun, and air.
When paper bags are full, and overflow,
The children hurry home and proudly show
The crispy greens, whose pungent odor soon
Will penetrate the air of every room.
Oh, appetites can hardly stand the strain
When dandelion greens are here again.

Florence Kimball
Rockland

Homemade

Foraging for Wild Edibles

Between the melting of the snow and the emergence of the first garden offerings comes a time when wild perennial plants begin to push their heads up from the mud in meadows and marshes and along roadsides. Renee Bowen and Jim Hastrich discovered a wealth of free and delicious food to be had for the picking when they first moved to Maine from city environments.

Although a few of the simpler things—like dandelion greens and fiddlehead ferns—are well known and frequently eaten around here, most of us have forgotten what our ancestors knew about the rest of God's bounty in the wild. There are plenty of other green things out there which are delectable and nutritious, if we only knew how to use them.

Renee and Jim have shared some of their wild recipes and have passed on a few tips on

preparing the wild foods for eating:

Frogplant

Frogplant, frog-bellies, or "live forever" is a well-known plant which Bowen says is delicious in salads, mixed with dandelion greens or other greens. If you pick the top leaves, they will be easy to gather, tender and young, and two more leaves will grow from where you removed one—keeping you supplied with young leaves indefinitely.

Dandelion

The "lions-tooth" jagged leaves are excellent in early spring salads, but become bitter after the plant blossoms. Then they can be cooked, changing the water several times to get rid of the bitterness. Include some of the buds for color and flavor. (My cousin Betsy once deep-fried dandelion

blossoms in batter—for a strange but wonderful dish.)

Scrambled Eggs a la Dandelion

Using as many eggs as you need (one per person, usually) and beat with 1 Tablespoon of water for each egg, salt and pepper to taste. Heat 2 T. of butter hot enough to sizzle when a few drops of water are tossed into the skillet. Pour in the egg mixture and a cup or two of washed and shredded dandelion greens. Reduce the heat and scramble the eggs.

Dandelion roots can be boiled (peeled and sliced) by changing the water to reduce bitterness. In a famine the nourishing dandelion roots have saved many lives.



Lamb's Quarters

Lambs' Quarter / Pigweed

Also known sometimes as "goosefoot," this plant has a delicate spinach-like flavor and can be picked from early spring until late fall. The stems are tender, not woody, and can be cooked along with the leaves, about a minute less than spinach. The plant grows wherever the soil has been turned and has been the bane of many a gardener who didn't realize what a potentially good food he had. Rich in Vitamin C and A, pigweed should always be cooked. The entire plant is often good when young. The Indians ground the seeds to make a bread meal, also.

The plant should be confined to the end of the garden, though, because it plays host to a leaf disease which affects cultivated spinach and swiss chard, according to Bowen. The vitamins can be preserved in the greens by the use of a vinegar sauce:

Pigweed Deluxe

To 4 slices fried bacon, add one small diced onion and 4 cups shredded greens. Then simmer in a sauce of $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, and pepper to taste.

Milkweed

Jim Hastrich says that milkweed shoots 6" or so across can be snapped off and cooked (in three waters to get rid of the bitter milky sap) and are a wonderful dish. The pods,

picked before the silky seeds become too mature and the pod becomes too elastic in feeling, are a delicacy with a slight asparagus flavor. The native perennial contains a lot of Vitamin C. Gathered when it is just coming up, the young leaves are greens which require cooking a few minutes longer than most greens. The lilac-white flower buds are

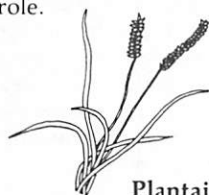
Milkweed



also a boiled delicacy, and the tale is told of the Indians using the blossom nectar as a sweetening when the buds were still dew-laden in the early morning.

Whether or not that is true, the fact is that this multi-purpose plant was used by native Americans as a fiber source for ropes and weaving, as a rattlesnake anti-venom serum, and as a root-beverage to cure coughs, measles, and rheumatism, as well as a poultice for swelling and infections.

When the plant gets too old to eat (more than 8" tall), the young top leaves may still be edible and are good with other greens. The pods may be good in a stew, as well, and Jim Hastrich recommends cooking milkweed with bulgher or rice and cheese in a casserole.



Plantain

Plantain

Short, stemless, elliptical green leaves and little green flowers grow on the straight central spike of this plant. The green leaves contain Vitamin A and C and can be boiled quickly in a small amount of boiling water. This plant grows low to the ground on paths or other hard-packed places. It is too tough to be eaten raw, and should be cooked with salt pork or in salted water. Once used as a poultice for cuts and wounds, the leaves of the plantain also make an interesting tea: drop a half a handful of crushed leaves into a cup of boiling water and steep for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

Fiddleheads

Also known as "pasture brakes," these are the young, uncoiled fronds of the fern

family—very common along the roadsides in Maine. They are only edible when young (full grown plants are poisonous to man and beast). Break fiddleheads off as low as they will snap easily, and then rub between the hands to remove the rusty brown coats. They are good raw (reminiscent of okra) or steamed (washed well and dropped in 2 T. boiling water in the top of a double boiler; covered and cooked 30 min.) Delicious added to a mixed green salad (oil is good for the flavor of fiddleheads), they are also good simmered in a little salted water and served with butter, salt and pepper, or mayonnaise and hard-boiled eggs. The Japanese make soup from fiddleheads.



Sourgrass / Scurvy Grass

Although many plants are known as "scurvy grass," the only true source of Vitamin C deserving this name is the plant with the botanical name "cochlearia." It has a horseradish odor and a cress flavor: delicious raw, in salads, with cream cheese as a bread spread, or cooked with rice, etc. It is identified by four small white cross-shaped petals on its flowers and by the broad, spoon-shaped lower leaves which grow in rosettes. Even in the fall, the young lower leaves can still be found. Renee says she freezes it plain and it retains its flavor when thawed. She mixes it with yogurt occasionally.

Curly Dock

Jim and Renee recommend the many varieties of lemony-flavored curly dock as a salad addition. When dock matures, it gets more bitter and should then be cooked in several water changes. Dock is an especially good complement to seafood or in chowder.

Comfrey

Renee Bowen says comfrey, picked early in the spring, is good cooked in a soup or as a green. It is best known, of course, as a tea.

Purslane

Also known by its botanical name (Portulaca), this plant can be found in many gardens. It's a particularly tasty, juicy, trailing weed that is very persistent in

gardens as it is a great seed producer. It likes fertile, sandy soil and has small yellow flowers and a reddish, fleshy stem. If you nip off the tender leaf tips, it will sprout again soon and you will have a continual supply of this excellent salad green. Because of its preference for sandy soils, it is very gritty and must be washed a lot. As a potherb, it is excellent as it loses very little bulk in cooking. Drop into salted boiling water and simmer 5 minutes or until tender. Serve buttered.

Purslane is also good for making soups and many people pickle the tender young stems just as they would young cucumbers, in their favorite recipes.

Clover

A plentiful survival food, the seeds of clover can be made into flour for bread; dried clover blossoms can be rubbed into small particles and stored in an air-tight jar to make a tea (1 tsp./cup); and the young leaves and flowers can be eaten raw, steamed or boiled.

Horseradish

Jim Hastrich uses a few wild, raw horseradish greens in a salad for a hot, peppery taste. The well-known sauce can be made by scraping a few pieces from the peppery root and adding lemon juice, wine vinegar, sour cream, or regular cream to make a tangy condiment. This perennial grows in moist soil and its leaves are best boiled tender in the spring. Jim says the hot flavor goes away when horseradish is cooked.

Sunflowers

This most versatile plant is familiar to us now as an edible—especially its seeds (roasted) and sunflower oil. The Seneca Indians had many more uses for this tall plant, from meal for bread to dyes, hemp, and medicine for inflammations of poison oak and poison ivy, snake bite, malaria, and sprained muscles. They also made a wild coffee from the roasted seeds of the sunflower: they extracted the kernels and poured hot water over the shells. To shell sunflowers easily, break seeds up with a hammer or a rolling pin and stir into a large container of water. When well wetted, the kernels will drop to the bottom and the shells will float. The kernels can then be dried and roasted in an open pan.

Happy Foraging and Delicious Eating! N.M. □

Rod Pressure

by J. Featherstone Privy



"Spare the rod, spoil the child."

(Old Yankee saying)

Why go fishing? Ah, now there's a question! When the action's slow, many fishermen ponder that one themselves. Oh sure, there's all the obvious reasons: fresh air, gadgetry, the thrill of the tight line, and the stories, inevitable stories. Yet there is that elusive something-more to fishing. It has to do with high-flown thoughts like self-reliance, contemplation, courage, patience, and being along with yourself: staff-of-life things you'd like to teach your kid but can never seem to get across at the supper table. Fishing is a good way, after all, to raise a boy. But there, I'm already getting ahead of myself.

We were upcountry, about to begin our last day of fishing on what had already been a very productive trip. Arthur had somehow managed to start the fire in the woodstove without waking me. Amid billowing smoke, he stood there, all of ten, heating water for his dad's coffee, quite pleased with himself. I casually reached up and opened the damper. The smoke began to clear out of the camp.

"Pretty nice to wake up to a warm camp," I said.

"Coffee's almost ready, Dad," Arthur said.

He was humming to himself, a tune I had never heard before, something he made up. (Fishing does that to you.)

"I'll wake up Edward," I said, and went over to the lump on the cot in the corner. Edward would sleep through the Great Chicago Fire, if you let him, and then be mad 'cause he missed something.

After eggs and redspots for breakfast, the boys picked up the dishes while I had my second cup.

"Let's get out there," Edward said.

"What do you think today, Dad?" Arthur asked.

"What do you think?" I answered.

"Well . . . they've been hitting grasshoppers pretty good," Arthur said.

"I want to use a Mary Pickford . . . I want to catch a salmon like Art's," pleaded Edward.

Excepting the lunch break, we fished all day, the boys alternating the job of steering the boat, while I took turns helping them cast. They took several redspots, handling each like a fragile glass animal, and carefully releasing most of them, keeping only the few needed for tomorrow's breakfast.

"What's that one?" Arthur asked.

"East Kennebago," I said.

"Can we climb it someday?" he asked.

"Someday," I said.

"Why are there mountains?" Edward asked.

The action slowed and we began to look around. My God, it was beautiful! Noble mountains attended each end of the lake. The water, smooth as a baby's butt, was dimpled by rising trout everywhere. Waxwings flitted through the pines. A cow moose and her gangling son fed over by what they call the Big Sag. It was one of those moments when you could pack it all up and say, "Thank you, God; now I've lived."

"We've got to head in soon. The sun's setting."

"Oh, jeez."

"I've got one! I've got one!" whispered Edward excitedly.

Quickly Arthur cut the motor and stripped in his line. He sat quietly at the stern. This was his brother's moment, and he was acknowledging that automatically because . . . that's what you do when you're fishing. I reached for the net, figuring Edward would nonchalant in another breakfast fish. Then his rod bowed, I mean it really bent in two, the way they tell it in the magazines.

"Jesus Christ!" I yelled.

"Don't swear, Dad," Arthur said, child father of the man.

I looked at Edward. He stood in the bow, both hands clutching his rod (it was all he had wanted for Christmas). His eyes were riveted to his line. His jaw was set. He wore his red fishing hat. His jeans were grimy, fly half-open, shirt sleeves stained from cleaning his own fish. A buck knife hung at his hip, next to his compass "in case we got lost." Eight years old, and growing up fast, the way a boy should.

"Is it big, Dad?"

"Looks like it. I haven't seen it yet. Hang on, Ed."

"Dad, it's too big for me. I can't land it."

"You're probably right, but just play it like any other fish and have fun while he's on."

"I want this fish, Dad. I want to land him. Do you think I can land him, Dad?"

"Sure you can. I taught you all I know. Keep your rod tip up. Don't horse him. Don't try to hurry him in. Let him get tired first."

And in this way, while the boy played the fish, the father played the boy.

For a long time Ed just held on, afraid that suddenly his line would go limp—trying, like a parent, to exert just the right amount of pressure, fearing all the while that the loved-one will be lost.

The fish made long runs away from the boy, and his brother and I watched in awe as this eight-year-old let line slip out from under his fingers to give that fish playing room. My mind's eye focused on another time, Christmas morning—the boy in pajamas, holding his new rod up, while I pulled the end of the line, teaching him how to pay out line so as not to provoke a fish to jump, break water, and thereby throw the hook.

The runs became shorter, and ever so carefully, Edward began stripping line in. We got a glimpse of a tail as big as a man's hand, and then the fish dived straight down, and pumped and pumped. Edward let him go down, then pumped him up, giving up line, then taking it back. His eyes were bright; he was in control.

"You're doing fine, Ed."

I want that fish, Dad. I want him."

And how I wanted that fish for him, wanted so to land it for him, and yet knew he had to do it for himself.

The fish, tiring now, stopped pumping. Cautiously, inch by inch, Edward coaxed his fish to the surface. And in the next moment, still indelibly filmed in slow motion in my mind, the net swooped, the fish swung to the boat, and the hook, which had not been set, fell, for lack of tension, from the fish's mouth. A very large fish lay in the bottom of the boat.

"There's your salmon, Ed," I said.

And Edward, my fisherman, my little boy, fell into my arms crying, freed from a great tension of his own. Arthur, eliminating any need for future lectures about respecting little brothers, stepped from the stern, hand out, and said, "Nice going, Ed."

Arthur headed the bow toward camp. Edward just kept looking at his fish. (Could I ever measure my pride in both of them?) There were a couple of sports standing on the dock, looking like they had just stepped out of the pages of L. L. Bean. They'd been watching us for the last hour.

"Quite a fish," one of them said.

"I caught it myself," said Edward. □



UNDERNEATH

Static white gone sullen;
Crystal melting into dawn, lull in
Winter's Capricorn, running off
To underneath where February
Murmured passively.

Emerald boughs gone abrooding;
Limbo plunging into dusk, deluding
Spring's troubadours; running off
To underneath, where February
Murmured promises.

March wind gone befriending
Lions, hungry for an opal Snow-moon, expending
Winter's bank-balance; limping off
To underneath, where April
Pushes up daffodils.

Winter's vestiges gone divining;
Exploding green into noon, assigning
Sunbeams to meadow-nymphs, gamboling off
To underneath, where May
Pushes up daisies.

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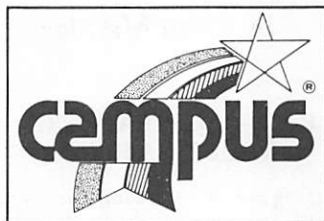
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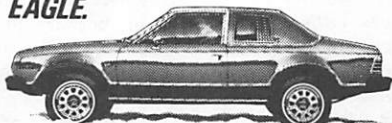
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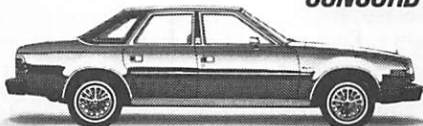
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Thinking Of Country Things

by John Meader

RELATIVE STRANGERS IN OUR GARDEN

The digging out of one's family roots has seen some vogue recently. The scientific attempt to trace back the same genealogical story for our major food and fibre plants has gone on for decades now. You and I may uncover an unbroken line to the early written records in Great Britain or on the European continent — to the sixteenth century perhaps. But plant scientists have to deal with thousands of years in most cases, and no written records exist for much of that period.

We know quite a lot now about how to grow corn, cukes, green beans, peas, tomatoes and squash. But we know very little indeed about their origins. Our gardens are populated with relative strangers, and in some cases strange relatives.

Of the major fruits and vegetables currently cultivated extensively, I know of only two that have appeared on the scene at all recently: the large-fruited, June-bearing strawberry; and the high-bush blueberry. The latter is basically a product of twentieth century scientific horticulture. As for the strawberry, the story deserves telling in some detail; because of its inherent color, but also because of what the story suggests about the source of other domesticated plants.

One parent of our modern strawberry came from someplace in the eastern United States (before the U.S. existed) and the other from Chile. They met in Europe. Exactly who carried the American strawberry (*Fragaria Virginiana*) across the ocean is not known, but it was mentioned by the European botanist Parkinson in 1629. The strawberry from Chile (*Fragaria Chiloensis*) was brought to Europe by a Frenchman named Frezier in 1714.

Frezier had been sent to South America by the French to carry out reconnaissance with an eye to bringing back information about harbors and Spanish fortifications; that is, Frezier was a spy. However, like so many persons of the time, Frezier was a man of wide interests — botany as well as fortresses. He collected botanical specimens in South America and among them was the Chiloensis. On the return voyage to France, strawberries had to compete with humans for drinking water, but five potted plants survived.

In Europe, Virginiana and Chiloensis met and married. The precise date is not sure, but it probably falls around 1750 or 1760. For in 1765, Duchense, a gardener for King Louis XV of France, identified the child of their marriage *Fragaria Ananassa*. *Ananassa*, a hybrid, displayed the vigor that hybrids oftentimes will, and it combined some of the merits of both parents. It took fruit size from the Chiloensis and hardness from Virginiana.

Later, *Ananassa* would return to the United States and eventually gain more hardness and flavor from backcrosses with Virginiana. Varieties would be selected out. And the choice favorite of our shortcakes and jams was well on its way to being the strong, well-adapted, valuable plant of today.

We know regrettably less about the sources of our common garden vegetables. As I've noted, they predate written records. But I feel quite sure there are similarities between the saga of the strawberry and the long tales that must attach to corn, soy, or cukes. Some similarities would be these: the role of human curiosity and intervention; the element of distance; the mating, either by chance or purposeful activity, of different but related plant types; and the rise from insignificant plant to crucial food source. The corn, beans, and tomatoes of today were lowly weeds ten thousand years ago.

Corn may be taken as a case in point. It, the present thinking goes, originated in South America: perhaps in Bolivia, three or four thousand years ago. Several weedy grasses may have combined in the genetic heritage of the plant, but the actual parentage is not known, and may well never be. Now corn is so highly developed and so distant from its weedy ancestors that it no longer can survive without man's support. Weeds will crowd it out.

We have some idea of what corn's parents (or ancient cousins, at least) may have looked like. Teosinte is one possible close relative. To some extent, teosinte resembles wheat. The seeds are borne separately on a thin central stem, and they are individually husked; there is no cob. The "tassel" grows out of the seed-head. Another ancient corn type called "tunicate." A cob has formed, but each kernel is still individually husked. Imagine having to husk each kernel before eating sweet corn!

Corn in the form we know it, smaller of course, and certainly far less productive, goes back to around 3,500 B.C. Remains of the primitive type have been found in the Bat Cave, New Mexico, and reliably dated. The date is interesting, but so is the location. Corn has travelled far north.

By 1,000 B.C. corn had spread even farther north, to cover much of the temperate North America. In a sense, corn played a civilizing role. Human life revolves upon adequate protein. Civilization — that stage of human order when life opens up, at least for some people — depends upon increased human productivity, particularly

... chance surely played a notable part in the life history of our domesticated fruits and vegetables. But what I think about with more perplexity and pleasure is the human contribution ...

in growing food. Corn provided a more efficient protein source and it became the basis for the great early cultures of the Americas — Toltec, Inca, Aztec, and so on.

American agriculture probably began with beans, gourds, and squashes, but it was the domestication of corn that permitted human existence to expand and try out some of its potential. Large-scale religion developed. Extensive irrigation systems were constructed. Organized sports flourished, suggestive in their ferocity and popularity of our pro-football. The heavens were observed, and extensive records kept. Pottery, jewelry, and architecture, along with its sculptural adornments, reached levels of skill and beauty that still move us. And, of course, taxes were imposed and bureaucrats appeared upon the scene.

Is it too much to say that corn is fundamental to much of this? Perhaps. Corn had to wait upon human ingenuity to exploit it. But, in any case, corn's importance was never lost to its early users. Corn, corn gods and goddesses, corn images and festivals constitute an important strain in the religious life of the period, and that strain spans centuries, vast distances, and disparate peoples.

What, one wonders, was the process by which corn developed out of its primitive beginnings? Did a Toltec spy carry seed of teosinte back in his pouch, to plant as a curiosity in the King's palace garden, where it accidentally crossed with some other corn sort? Whatever the mode, distances were probably crossed and related types brought together somehow; and the resulting offspring displayed traits that attracted someone's eye — local farmer or powerful king's attendant.

Of course the process continues. Botanists still explore for wild plant types with an eye to bringing them into cultivation, or breeding them into existing lines. Within the last several years, another strain of teosinte, or something quite like it, has been discovered in Central America. The local village farmers had been trying to eradicate this plant because they regarded it as a problem weed. The scientists, however, were excited because this form of teosinte is perennial. A perennial corn might prove to be a great asset; it would save the considerable energy-consumption involved in yearly seeding and plowing; roots that wintered over could help reduce the soil erosion that costs so much in loss of valuable topsoil.

But perennial corn may be years away from commercial reality. A great deal depends upon the compatibility of the intended parents — an

ancient wild type and our modern strains. Over the short haul the perennial teosinte-type may prove more important as a source of disease resistance or other desired traits. Fifty years hence the perennial teosinte may journey back to Central America, but changed radically; a plant, a food source that local farmers will value.

I have spent a lot of time and space on corn. But it's deserved. As a basic foodstuff it is more widely adapted than rice. Wheat is also widely adapted, and it is perhaps more valuable than corn because wheat flour is suitable for breads and pastas. But corn serves as an oil source as well, and the corn stalk goes for cattle fodder. As a protein source, corn is nearly perfect, containing all but one of the major amino acids that are building blocks, as the phrase goes, for animals and human protein; and I believe that the one missing amino — lysine — has recently been bred in.



What about some of the other vegetables in the garden? Probably their histories can be expanded in the way that I have done with corn to portray the varying roles played by man and nature, chance and intention. But I have already run pretty close to the line that separates reasonable conjecture from fantasy, so I merely note a few things that are fairly sure about a few of the more popular vegetables.

Beans date well back, perhaps to 4,500 B.C. The source seems to have been South America, somewhere along the lower ranges of the Andes Mountains. Columbus was the first European that we know of to see and describe beans in cultivation, in what is now Cuba. Jacques Cartier saw them "farmed" around the mouth of the St. Lawrence in 1535.

Cukes in the cultivated form are thought to be perhaps 5,000 years old. They may well have originated in India where a semi-weedy type still occurs. One sort found in the Himalayas may be a

possible ancestor, Christopher Columbus introduced the cucumber to the Americas.

Peas: Mummified remains have been found in a Stone Age cavern in Hungary, and excavated out of the site of ancient Troy. The pea is mentioned by Homer where an arrow is described as bouncing off a shield as a pea leaps when winnowed in a strong wind. Conjecture places the pea's origin in around Afghanistan.

Tomatoes are thought to derive from small-berried weeds native to Peru and Ecuador. By the time Europeans arrived, a long-berried plant had long been under cultivation. Explorers brought the tomato to Europe where the first botanist to examine it called it *mala insana*. With such a name and reputation, the tomato was not popular, although Italians did incorporate it into their cookery. For several centuries, however, the tomato was generally regarded only as an ornamental. To the tomato peculiar attributes were ascribed: it was a poison, it was a love-apple. Eventually the tomato became accepted as food. George Washington, I have read, included it among provisions for the Continental Army. Jefferson raised tomatoes in Virginia in 1781. Doubtless these tomatoes came to America from Europe, having gone to Europe from Mexico or one of the other Spanish territories to the south.

Squash came from South America in all probability, although some primitive forms of winter-types are found in China.

As I have pointed out, chance surely played a notable part in the life history of our domesticated fruits and vegetables. But what I think about with more perplexity and pleasure is the human contribution. It is so easy to be blinded by the

present and to dismiss the past, (particularly the past that dates beyond back beyond written record) as hopelessly primitive or barbaric.

Central and parts of South American contain thousands of ruins of earlier cultures. Europeans, mostly Spaniards, brought much of the destruction—attracted by gold and impelled by a mandate to “civilize” the heathen. What little remains of the vast, complicated societies now sits encased in museums or buried in jungle growth. But we continue to depend upon the food of these and other lost peoples. □

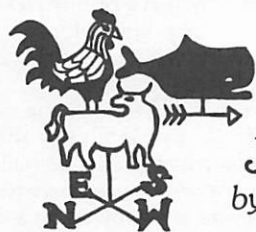
Meader is a writer and farmer in Buckfield.

TRANSPLANTING

All day I have been transplanting
In the late spring rain
That at times bursts forth
Like the Summer Monsoon
Descending upon Bombay.
My clothes cling to me so damp and cold—
A chill penetrates to the marrow.
I shall shed my mud-splattered clothes
In a heap on the back steps
And stand naked before the fire,
Absorbing the radiant heat
And sipping tea from a Fuji cup,
Thankful that the transplanting is done.

Jack C. Barnes
Hiram





Jay's Journal by Jay Burns

WACKY WINTER

We skipped a season. Not a minor little season like fall or spring—we skipped the big one, the one that we boast about to all summer tourists, the major season of the year, winter.

We all know that weathermen are fallible when it comes to forecasting. They'll predict snow when it rains and rain when it's sunny. But weathermen are very good at explaining to us what happened yesterday. This winter is no exception. The nation's meteorologists have endless explanations as to what exactly happened this winter.

Let's start with December, supposedly the first month of winter. Four measly inches of snow fell on the hills and lakes region in December. The temperature soared to 62° on the 12th. The mercury did not fall below zero until late in the month. Instead of the traditional Christmas snowstorm, we were drenched with almost two inches of rain on the 25th and 26th—the equivalent of about a two-foot snowfall.

The cause of all this meek weather lies about three to seven miles above our heads. Up there, high velocity winds steer storms across the continent. These winds usually separate the cold air of the arctic from the warmer air of the south. The cold air usually descends in December, depressing the upper-air winds with it. However, this December the cold air remained fenced-in up north. This allowed the warm southern air to dominate the United States through the middle and latter part of December.

But this abnormal weather pattern changed dramatically toward the end of the month. The westerlies (as these high altitude west winds are called) pushed all the way south to the lower latitudes, rather than maintaining their usual wintertime position across the middle of the country. Since the winds remained over the lower latitudes the storms remained to the south

too. It was this pattern that brought storm after storm to southern California, eastward to the lower Mississippi valley, and out to sea over the southeastern states. Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina received their worst snowstorms on record while the hills and lakes region got absolutely nothing. January, normally the harshest month of the year, was instead dry and mild.

February remained much the same. The westerlies continued strong along the southern states, but were weak or nonexistent in our area, causing dry weather. It was during this time that Portland recorded a 21-day stretch minus any precipitation—from around the 25th of January to the 15th of February. Temperatures ran about normal except for cold spells at the beginning and end of the month. March was a little more normal but no explosive cold or snow appeared during the month. By the first week of March we had recorded only 31.75 inches of snow.

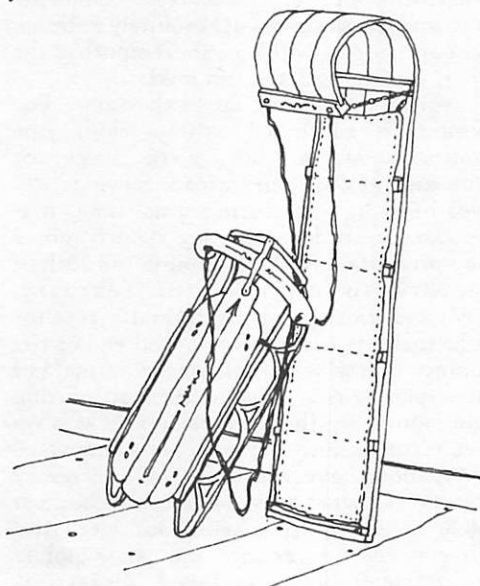
We now have the cause of our wacky winter. But what were the effects? The most obvious and most-talked-about were the effects to the skiing and snowmobile industries. Both suffered disastrous setbacks because of the weather. But there were other more subtle spin-offs.

I never put on boots that went higher than my ankle. The back of our pickup truck was barren of any sand or shovels. No long underwear, no scarfs, and no water-resistant warm-up pants.

For me, the most exciting result of the dry weather was the abundance of skatable ice. During my Christmas vacation, we played hockey on Keoka Lake eight times in eleven days. Every morning from nine o'clock to noon, wild hockey games were played on the clear glass ice in front of the Waterford Town Hall. With old Goodyear radials as goals and fluorescent orange cones as boundaries, we skated on the ice, on the sandy beach (to recover pucks), and sometimes dunked ourselves in the standing water along the edges of the shore. And when the ice got covered with scrapings, the wind came up and cleared it quickly.

The old toboggan never made it down from the shed attic this year. Most years my

brother and I fashion a wild bobsled run after the first snowstorm. We have names for the corners like they do in the Olympics—"Shady Corner" and "Zig-Zag" always threaten to fling us into the woods. Not this year.



And the Flexible-Flyer sled never even had the rust scraped off its runners. In the past years, hours would be spent reconditioning the sleds—revarnishing, replacing broken boards and waxing the runners. The road would always be covered at least three or four times a year with a good coating of ice. And if the road wasn't acceptable then the hilly snowmobile trails were never far away.

Each winter as soon as the first big snowstorm hit my brother and I would have the job of bringing all the summer stuff, like baseball equipment and bicycles, up to the attic above the shed. And the winter stuff, like snowshoes, skis, and sleds, would be hauled down from above. This was one of our rituals.

But the ritual never came about this winter. Golf clubs, baseballs, bicycles, frisbees, and a rubber raft are but a few of the things that still clutter the downstairs of our shed. Today is March 10th.

And there are other effects of a dry winter. I never put on boots that went higher than my ankle. I was never forced to climb on top of our kitchen roof to shovel off snow. My father rarely put birdseed out for the birds, and they weren't exactly begging

for the stuff, either. The back of our pickup truck was barren of any kind of sand or shovels. No long underwear, no scarfs, and no water-resistant warm-up pants.

And the lack of snow has to hurt the men who plow the stuff. As of March 9th there were only three days when the roads had to be plowed. The driveway-plowers have to be hurting—our driveway was plowed on a day when only three inches of wet, melting snow fell.

So the effects of a snowless winter go much further than just the skiing industry and the snowmobiling industry. Virtually everything that one does in the winter is related to snow—and this year there was no snow. The weathermen point to a dramatic change in the upper-air westerlies and we all say, "Yes, that would do it." But we people of the hills and lakes region know that it will take more than a scientific explanation to make us feel right about the winter of 1979-1980. □

You don't say

WHITE LIE

Ida Ward, who recently retired after forty years as Clerk of the Town of Baldwin, has not only been a dedicated and skillful town officer, but has, at times, displayed great fortitude and presence of mind.

Several years ago she was waiting up late for a citizen to come from the other end of town to purchase a license. When a knock came at her door, she did not hesitate to answer, even though her home is located in an isolated part of town.

As she started to admit her visitor, she followed her usual custom and took a firm grasp on the collar of her large but youthful German Shepherd dog in order to restrain him from dashing out into the night.

Instead of her expected visitor she found herself face to face with a burley and bearded character who snarled: "Get out of my way, woman, I'm coming in!"

With a glance at her dog, straining vigorously at his collar, she said, "I wouldn't advise you to do that, sir. I don't know what would happen if I should release this animal."

One look was enough. The man fell back a step and Ida slammed and locked the door.

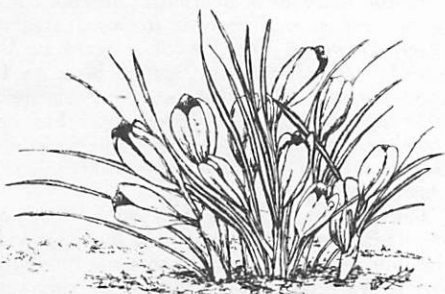
Later she admitted: "I guess I fibbed a little. I knew just what would happen. That dog would have run and hid!" □

Raymond Cotton
Hiram

SLAP!

I wouldn't mete the murderer
so mild as death a fate;
I wouldn't merely march him out
and hang him high in hate;
I wouldn't simply sentence him to prison,
without hope—
I'd make him weed my garden in black-fly
time—without "dope"!

Doris Thurston
North Norway




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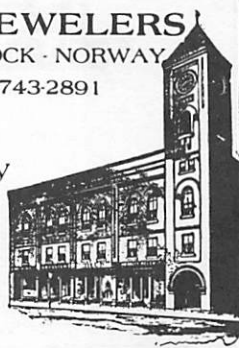
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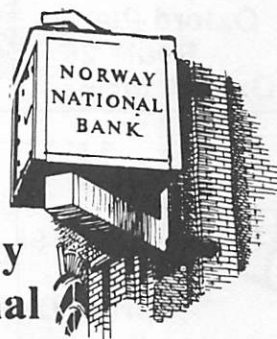
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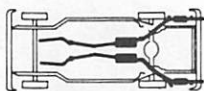
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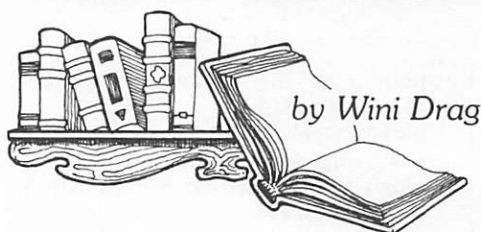
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Just Off The Shelf



As The Earth Turns, Gladys Hasty Carroll,
published by W. W. Norton & Company, \$10.95.

The Book That Came Alive, Gladys Hasty Carroll,
published by Guy Gannett Publishing Co., \$12.95.

The ordinary life of an ordinary new book is said to be only several months to perhaps several years. However, the life of a good book is unending. Gladys Hasty Carroll's book **As The Earth Turns** is that kind of book. First published in 1933 and now reissued, the novel has been translated into fifteen languages and made into a Hollywood film. The book portrays life in a rural Maine community.

The entwined lives of the family of patriarch Mark Shaw and his neighbors are moved through the four seasons by a common sense of sharing, loving, hurting, trying, failing, and sometimes simply getting on with living.

Mark Shaw is a determined, principled, silent man who has known only the farm. His deep feelings for all his children—even those not attached to the earth he loves—reveal a man at peace with himself. Close to him is his oldest daughter, Jen. Whether sewing new garments for her brother's wedding, helping her sister-in-law hang twenty-cent-a-roll wallpaper or advising and comforting family and neighbors, Jen always copes with the natural ease of a woman who knows instinctively what to do. Casually explaining her readiness to go out into the night to treat a new neighbor's baby, she explains, "I always go where there's a need. It's our way in the country."

Mrs. Carroll has captured vividly this "way of the country" where her own family roots extend back for ten generations. Each individual character is chiseled as sharply as New England granite, yet there is no stereotyping.

This book is full of genuine information on country living and should appeal to the many people who, for whatever reasons, are being drawn back to the land.

It was at the urging of her son that Mrs. Carroll wrote **The Book That Came Alive**, a behind-the-scenes story of why and how a folkplay based on **As The Earth Turns** came to fruition.

Mrs. Carroll had moved home to Maine in 1934—to the place and the people she immortalized in her first book. Evenings were spent visiting with neighbors—in the summer on the front porch, in winter around the cozy fire.

One evening the need for money to refurbish the old meetinghouse prompted someone to suggest putting on a play. And, of course, the recently successful young writer in their midst was enlisted to help with the project. Thus was born a folkplay which was presented for eight years each summer in the pasture alongside the author's home.

Following daily responsibility and evening chores, neighbors gathered to practice for parts in which they portrayed themselves. Having just enjoyed the performance of "Oklahoma!" here in the Oxford Hills area, we can understand how the neighbor whose daily business is printing or teaching can for a brief time be a star as bright as any who have graced the world stage.

Each year changes in the play were required as some people moved away or grew too old or too tall for their part. Yet the popularity of the folkplay reached further and further beyond the boundaries of the small town.

A writer for the *Boston Sunday Herald* likened the folkplay to the famous Passion Play presented every ten years in Germany by headlining her review, "Maine Farm Becomes Oberammergau." In 1939, Nobel Prize winner Sinclair Lewis drew attention when he attended the opening performance.

In *Twentieth Century Writers*, Mrs. Carroll explained, "World War II, by calling up all our young men and taking the older men into defense plants, brought an end to the annual production of the neighborhood folk play and to rural life as we had known it."

A single last performance was held in 1942.

Pictures of the participants and scenes from the play add to the book's "coming alive."

Mrs. Carroll has written fourteen novels, four non-fiction, a collection of short stories, and an anthology in addition to contributing to numerous magazines. Her secret in portraying the realism of the characters can be found in her bit of philosophy, "Life is and always has been more interesting and precious to me than literature. I read and write only out of eagerness for further clarification of what I see and hear and feel."

She still lives in South Berwick and continues to write about her people. These books and others by her can be purchased locally at Books-n-Things.

□

Wini Drag is employed by the Norway National Bank and is proprietor of The Haunted Book Store on Main Street, Paris Hill.



A brass band can put more life into an old nag in a minute than a ten-acre oatfield in a week of Sundays.



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Photography by
Nettie Cummings Maxim (1876-1910)

A Turn-of-the Century Childhood



"... Great-grandfathers posed stiffly in their hirsute glory. In the nineteenth century, beards and mustaches framed faces of solid, resolute character. Great-grandmothers used billows of petticoats and fetching bustles and seemed to favor high neckpieces of lacy, starched material. They piled their hair high and occasionally they went in for braids worn as a crown. But in the faces of those men and women, family likenesses can be seen. At the turn of the century, styles were more daring. Beards were disappearing and the bustle was gone; petticoats were reduced to one or two. There were Gargantuan hats piled high with flowers and ornamental fruits. The girls, now grandmothers, had prim shirt-waists, ankle-length skirts, and high shoes. The boys specialized in tight-fitting suits and wide white

collars. . . The bulky, billowing bathing suits gradually came nearer the irreducible minimum . . . The family album is part of our growing tradition; it tells the story of myriad changes. On a rainy afternoon when the children gather round the living-room table to see the pictures and hear the familiar, loved stories, they are learning a nation's history . . ."



Nettie Cummings Maxim of Lockes Mills was born in Bethel and attended Gould Academy. She received her first small camera in 1893 from a man named Guy Coffin and began taking charming photographs of her friends and family. The prose accompanying these photographs is by Haydn Pearson, once country-life writer for *The New York Times*, and author of several books.

"... The school is humble and unpretentious inside, with its old battered desks (the teacher's on a low platform), its rows of hooks in the entry for coats and hats, and the shelf where farm boys and girls place their lunch boxes until the hands of the old clock point to twelve. Teacher has to handle all eight grades, but she knows the strengths and weaknesses of each boy and girl as teachers in big city schools never get to know their children. Older pupils help the younger ones. Big boys know that if they master their lessons, they will have a chance to keep the water pail filled and to tend to the fire in the stove. Strange how much time a young man can use in attending to these tasks..." (Below, the South Bethel School in 1907.)



"... From one to three on Fridays came the final rehearsing of the program... The program itself was always interesting. There were group songs, duets and solos; there were pieces spoken by little tots and occasionally by a big eighth-grader who enjoyed his reputation as an orator. 'Up from the meadows, rich with corn,' and 'Hew down the bridge, Sir

Consul' have echoed in schoolhouses across the land. Tense mothers, with babies on their laps, moved their lips in unison with their six-, seven- and eight-year-olds who recited pieces the mothers and fathers knew better than their children. Sometimes the chairman of the school committee gave the words for the spelling match. Perhaps a farmer, who had graduated from the local academy, asked some expected, standard geography questions..." (Above, a school play early in this century.)

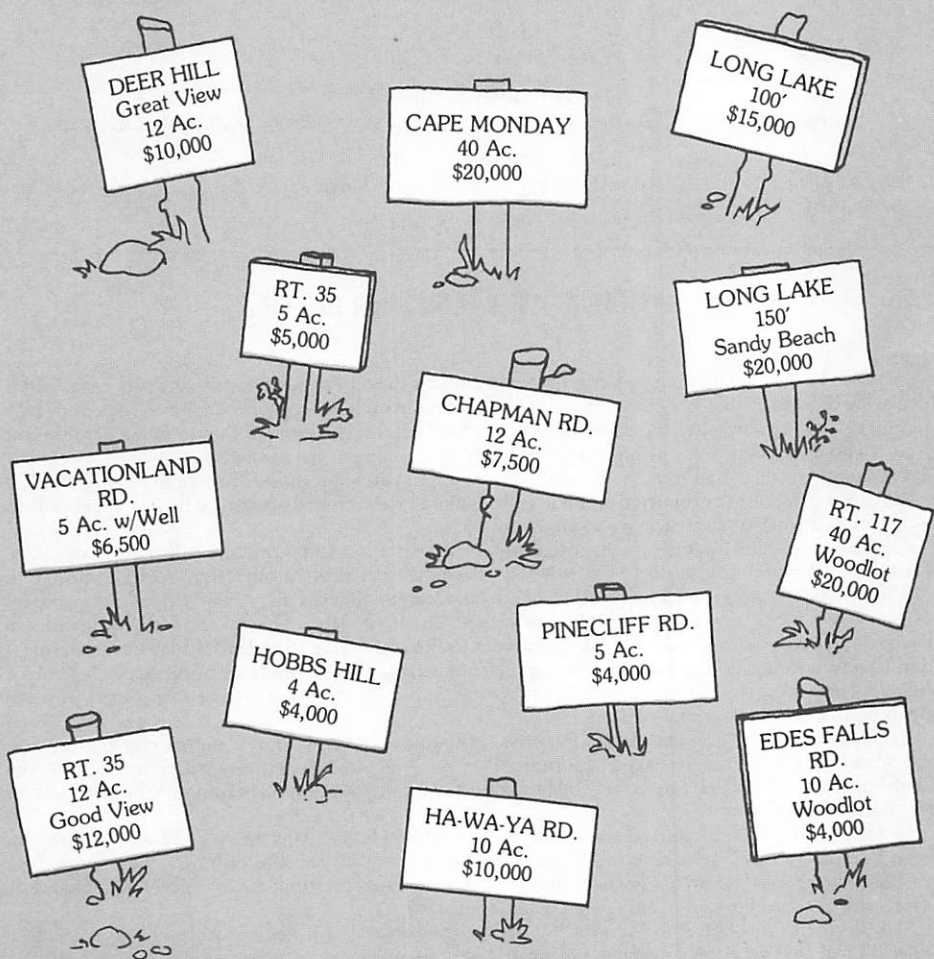


"... A first-class swimming hole has a number of essential accessories ... it must have a deep spot where a long, overhanging, springy plank gives a fellow a chance for a high flip as he starts his dive. It ought to have a sandbar where he can loll between periods of activity. And interest is added if there's an overhanging bank where turtles and water snakes retreat when humankind invades their realm ... it is hot, dusty, itchy work to stow the hay away under the eaves of the barn. It is monotonous, drudging labor for a fourteen-year-old to pull the bull rake and gather up the scatterings or ... follow the cultivator behind a faithful horse—back and forth, back and forth, between the rows of corn. A miracle occurs when Father says, 'Well ... I guess we'll call it a day. You get your swim and then bring home the cows.' Strength suddenly returns to youthful muscles. Life becomes well worth living. There's a race to the creek, a flinging aside of overalls, shirt, shoes, and socks. Few pleasures are keener than that first plunge into cold water on a hot day ..."



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July 15 - 27

Watercolors by Lucille Geiser

July 29 - August 17

Scenes of Oxford County by members of the Western Maine Art Group

August 19 - 31

Paintings by Eleanor Viles

ABOUT ART AND ARTISTS

by Harry C. Walker

No one knows who produced the first painting or drawing in the Norway-Paris area, and it probably didn't survive very long. It could have been a sketch of a log cabin on birch bark done by a pioneer's wife to show her husband what kind of a dwelling she wanted him to build. Or it might have been a drawing by a proud father of a big trout caught by his small son.

Our early settlers had to scratch to make a living in the wilderness and had little time to try a hand at the arts. But the inborn human urge to make a visual record of natural things never fails to surface, and for this I'm sure we're thankful today.

One of the earliest paintings of note done in this area has to be the one selected by the U. S. Postal Department for use on the 1969 Christmas stamp. It is an oil titled "Winter Sunday in Norway, Maine," and the scene is either of Charles Street, South Paris, when that street was part of Norway or of Norway Center. No one knows which, for sure. The painting is not signed and the artist is unknown. If I had to make a guess as to the artist's identity, I would say Celesta Huff. I don't know that she was ever in this area, but paintings by Celesta Huff published in a book of folk art bear an intriguing resemblance to "Winter Sunday in Norway, Maine." A fine copy by Lee Bean is in the Norway post office.

An early artist in Paris was Sarah Prentiss, probably a descendant of Caleb or Henry Prentiss. An oil painting by her of Streaked Mountain is primitive art but quite interesting, especially as two farmhouses are depicted, one being the home of "Grandma Maxim," according to the notation on the back of the frame.

In 1858 a John F. Fitz painted a portrait of old Stephen R. Parsons and was paid in Norway by John Parsons, Jr. Payment received by the artist was the unusual sum of \$7.33. This large, fine portrait hangs today in an old Paris house. Fitz was probably an itinerant, or travelling artist, but we're not certain. He could have been a local resident.

Fannie Horne was better known for her musical talents than for her painting skills. But an 1874 oil by her of seven people enjoying a picnic in the country is so well done, so professional, that at first glance it could be mistaken for a Corot or a Constable. That Miss Horne had good training in art is beyond dispute. We don't know if she painted many pictures or just a few. Several people who knew her didn't even know of her art ventures. But judging from the high quality of this one oil painting we have seen we have to say that Miss Horne missed her true calling. She had the talent to have become a famous artist. I rate her as one of the best Norway ever produced.

Page 37 . . .

Hebron Academy Drama:



GREEK BIRDS AND AMERICAN ADOLESCENTS

On May fourteenth a musical comedy in the genre of *Pippin* and *Godspell* will open its premier run at Hebron Academy. This type of production is not new at Hebron—a private preparatory school which has become known over the past few years for its distinctive drama and lively musical shows. What makes this spring's offering unusual is that this time the show is an original.

Dr. Nicholas Durso (teacher of English) wrote the book and lyrics for *Birds*; Marc Jalbert (the Academy's art teacher) is the composer. *Birds* is a musical comedy set on the "cliffs outside of Athens." Its idea was born from an Aristophanes play; its language is contemporary; its music has strong jazz/folk/classical orientations; its theme is utopian; and its style is self-consciously theatrical.

"The audience is not gratuitous to this work, either," says Nick Durso. "As soon as you walk in, you're into it." What the audience walks into is an embracingly semi-circular seating arrangement which includes the excitingly ragged stage and its expanse of blue-organdy "sky." (Rather like a nest.) And when the players enter, they direct themselves at the audience: through it, to it, around it.

It becomes quickly apparent that the Greek chorus setting the stage here is the bird chorus: "Come with us to the Land of Birds, Where never a mournful word is heard. Relax for a while and share a smile. Hear the midnight music of the mountain tops lift your heart away . . ."

And from the entrance of lead characters Spartan (John Philbrick) and Domus (John Corwin), the air is full of feathered clichés, avian

innuendoes, puns, asides, and upbeat tempos. Philbrick and Corwin have become mainstays of Hebron drama—all their stage experience (for Philbrick, this is his eighth production in one capacity or another) plus a certain innate timing gives the audience its money's worth in entertainment.

Director Durso's vision of an idealistic life extends even beyond the boundaries of the stage: the cast pops up from under it and soars around above it; the music pours out from behind it. Guitarist Jalbert's rhythms (which he says "lean on jazz") and melodies (wonderful instrumentally but challenging vocally) came to him sometimes after seeing Durso's lyrics. Other numbers he culled from three years of his own compositions and the lyrics came after. The collaborators continue to edit both words and music while developing this first production of *Birds*.

What caused the two teachers to decide to refine their rough ideas with a cast of 14 untrained adolescent vocalists and five young musicians? For Jalbert, who has no musical theory or mechanics training himself, part of the excitement lies in the attitude of the kids toward trying something new: "Why can't we?" For Durso, who also works with the Children's Theatre in Portland, the energy and imagination and love of young people is the motivation.

And why do the students give so much time and effort to the dramatic efforts at Hebron? Kate Perkins, who classifies herself in this production as "stage manager first, actress second," says, "Doc (Durso) makes our shows because he always



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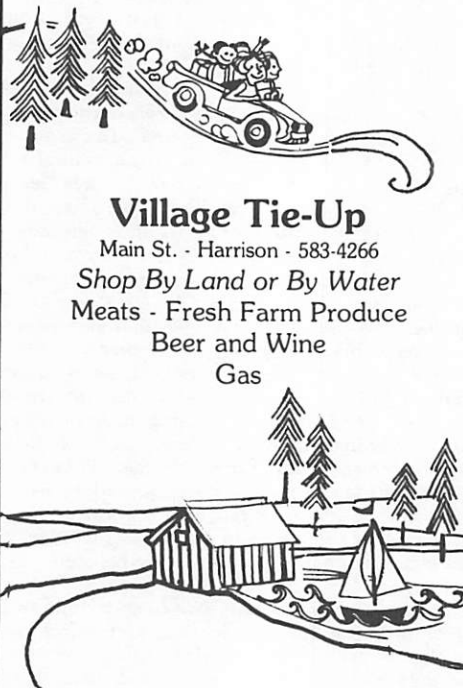
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For some of the rest of the students, the reasons run from the warm, close-knit feelings found in the group to the strenuous athletic activity. The captain of the soccer team is in the cast, as well as Jenny Urlwin, who just wants "dance—a lot of dance."

Heidi Wald, another veteran of many performances, claims she likes it because "it hurts so good." John Philbrick wants to pursue a theatrical career. Some cast members particularly like the opportunity to contribute their ideas to this beginning comedy which someday "might be famous." Other attractions were "the unique eliteness" of being in Hebron Drama, the "psychological release," the "perfectionist reputation," the chance to "work together," to "improvise." For some students drama was the main reason they came to Hebron and they liked the idea that their parents were always impressed by the polished performances they saw there—"it's not just another school play."

For whatever reasons, it's obvious that these young people are participating in the ultimate of educational experiences. They are thinking deep thoughts and feeling deep emotions.

Combine that with the original musical comedy *Birds* and the usual exciting costuming and choreography of Lisa Durso, and you have the best that Hebron Academy Drama has ever offered. □

N.M.



Cast Members: John Philbrick, John Corwin, Heidi Wald, Hilary Pierce, Peter Husson, Sandy Goss, Scott Trunkett, Henry Lyons, Anthony Courtemanche, Kate Perkins, Christine Kinn, Jenny Urlwin, Joni Lloyd, Bill Pike. Musicians: Marc Jalbert, Trey Smith, Reed Altemus, Miriam Woodruff, Dan Rogers. Lighting: Ian Smith.

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More Goings On . . .

ART

ARTS:TOO: Multi-media art show May 9, 10, 11, The Arts Center, Norway. Sponsored by Fine Arts Board of First Congregational Church, South Paris, with the assistance of Maine Arts & Humanities and APL/LPL. Featuring work in metal, glass, clay, fiber, canvas, paint and ink. Culinary art by Rebecca Reilly and musical recitals on Fri. and Sat. evenings.

BATES COLLEGE TREAT GALLERY: Peggy Bacon paintings & prints, May 4 - June 27. Gallery hrs. Mon. - Fri. 1-4:30 & 7-8; Sun. 2-5.

ETC.

YMCA PROGRAMS: Spring Programs include Y Play, Aquatots, Gymnastics, After-School Games, Jr. High Clubs, Family Swim, Basic Horsemanship, Monday Night Workshops, Aquacises, Adult Beginner Swim Lessons, Martial Arts, Macrame, Y Exercise, Y Walk, Bridge Club, Stamp Club. For more information, or to volunteer your time & talents, call 743-7184.

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AGRICULTURAL SELF-RELIANCE CONFERENCE: presented by Natural Organic Farmers Association (NOFA) Aug. 1, 2, 3, University of New Hampshire, Durham. For more information, write NOFA Conference, Province Rd., Stafford, NH 03844, or call Susan Bradbury at (603) 659-2747.

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Last month's **Can You Place It?** was a Nettie Cummings Maxim photograph taken prior to 1910 of the spool mill at Lockes Mills.

MORE ABOUT THE MT. ABRAM HOTEL

*(featured in a recent **Can You Place It?**
from Walter Maxim of Paris Hill)*

Charles Bartlett was proprietor in the early 1900's.

Tom Day came from Bryant's Pond twice a week with meat, oysters, etc. They kept a parrot in the lobby. When Day took in the order the parrot would say, "Tom Day, Tom Day, Tom Day is in the kitchen with Mary." Probably had been coached by some of the help or boarders.

When Frank Cummings and wife Clara managed the hotel they had dances nearly every Saturday night in the hall. A number of men who came would hire rooms for a safe place to keep their "refreshments." Joe Fairbanks was clerk at the hotel. Frank Hathorne told me one time Joe took him along with him just before the dancing started. He had a passkey which made it easy to sample some of the "goods." Joe played a "Bass Viol" which was the loudest part of the music and called the changes.

He had a little too much under his belt. Things were going along fine until all at once the music stopped. There was a good crowd on the floor and everyone looked to see what had happened. Joe sat with his chin on his breast. The silence awakened him. He began to saw the bow back and forth on the "Bull Fiddle" and called out, "All Right and Left."

Quite often they had suppers in the hall for the benefit of the church or some ladies' organization. One time they advertised a "Bluejay" Supper. Small tree-like bushes were set up at intervals along the tables; on the bare limbs were hung a number of "J's" cut out of blue cardboard.

Sometimes they would have a box supper. Each lady would bring a box lunch with her name on it. An auction would be held. The men bid on them. Few knew whose box they were buying but got a chance to share it with the lady or girl who brought it. Games were played afterward and sometimes there was dancing. A favorite march was "On the Road to Boston," when all would sing, "Boys and girls, we're on the road, Boys and girls we're on the road, we're on the road to Boston."

They played "Chase the Squirrel," drop the handkerchief, pat on the back, and others. Quite a few travelling shows came there—Ethel Mae Shorey for one. Howard Bragdon showed moving pictures. Harley True of Norway operated the projector. Power was furnished by a generator in a truck parked outside.

The *Keystone Cops*, *Dead-end Kids*, and Charlie Chaplin movies were shown, besides others. I remember a western, *Victims of the Flume*, and *Pearl Fisher's Dream*, which must have been colored slides moving up and down slowly. It was beautiful, all kinds of pearls, necklaces, precious stones, crowns, etc. One of the best shows I have ever seen. □

An artist we know very little about as yet is J. C. Barrett, said to have lived in Norway. He was known chiefly for his fine portraits. One of his, titled "Portrait of Her Father" was exhibited in North Conway in a 1965 show of the works of famous artists who painted in the White Mountains. Which indicates that he painted in New Hampshire as well as in Maine. To date we have seen only one work by Mr. Barrett, a very good portrait of Bella Noyes owned by a Norway family.

About William Rice (1773 - 1847) we know even less. He was born in Worcester, Mass., and by 1818 was a folk-art sign painter in Hartford, Conn. Later he is on record as a portrait painter in Norway, Maine.

After 1900 more and more artists worth mentioning emerged in this area. Norway and Paris had become thriving villages and people with artistic talent asserted themselves. One of these was Rosemary Mundy. She did landscapes and portraits in oil and her work was quite professional. Her husband was Talbot Mundy, a brilliant and successful writer of adventure short stories and novels, mostly about India. They lived on Temple Street and also summered in the Cummings' cottage (no longer standing) on Pike's Hill. It is regrettable that they separated and left this area in the early nineteen-twenties. We lost two talented people.

About this time Lena Andrews was painting china dishes and showing great skill at this delicate work. More than one local home boasts a set of expensive china decorated by this talented woman. Bella Fletcher, of the candy-making family, also painted on dishes, and did credible oil landscapes besides.

The period of time from 1925 to 1940 saw a great amount of good art being produced locally. Vivian M. Akers was turning out scores of his wonderful landscapes and some very good portraits. George L. "Shavey" Noyes was doing hundreds of his hauntingly beautiful pencil sketches of wilderness mountain scenes, often working on the counters of Smith's Shoe Store and Stone's Drug Store. Minnie Libby, besides her fine photographic work, did many oils and watercolors of Oxford County views. Zilpha Plummer was working on large oil landscapes and small, delicate watercolors. On Pike's Hill, Nellie B. Walker, who for years was the top colorist for the Fred Thompson Art Co. of Portland, turned out several colorful oil landscapes a year.

Other artists busy in this period were Helena Bubier, Gertrude Libby, Ruth Miller, Marion Tyler Field, George Mealand, Harold Thompson and probably Alice Bartley. These are only some of the many artists who were busy at their easels in what might be called this area's golden age.

It is interesting to note the different things that our early artists painted on, lacking suitable canvas or academy board. We find art works on barn boards, oilcloth, roller curtains, shingles,

paper, birch bark, pillow ticking, door panels, tin covers and about anything else with a flat surface. When one felt the urge to sketch or paint they reached for whatever was readily available.

The two people most responsible for the promotion of interest in art in the Norway-Paris area are Vivian Akers (1886 - 1966), and Lajos Matolcsy, who is still very active.

To associate with V. Akers was to be associated with art in one field or another. He was an expert photographer, wood carver, and oil painter, to name only some of his skills. For nearly four decades his studio was a Mecca for people from all walks of life who found him and his activities most interesting. Some called on him just out of friendship but soon found themselves acquiring an interest in art, especially painting. Several took up painting and worked with him, though Akers never gave lessons as such. The interest he aroused in art was considerable and is still being felt today.

Lajos Matolcsy was born in Hungary and had gained some prominence as an artist when his country was overrun by the enemy in World War Two. He eluded capture and finally made his way to this country where, after some lean years, he established himself as an artist to be reckoned with. He married a Maine lady, settled in Paris and began giving art lessons. His classes and his influence grew and in 1967 he founded, with the willing help of his students and followers, the Western Maine Art Group.

This organization has prospered and is a moving force in the promotion of art in western Maine today, numbering members from several towns and cities. It is not an exclusive "club." Anyone may join. One doesn't have to be an artist to be welcomed. Associating with working artists and getting to know more about art has its rewards, and members who don't paint are discovering things to do to help the Western Maine Art Group and to make their own lives more fulfilled.

Each summer five shows are put on at the art center by the club and their friends. This year's schedule is listed at the beginning of the article. □

Walker, who lives on Pike's Hill in Norway, serves as publicity director for the Western Maine Art Group.

Footnote: Since this article was written, it has been learned that the painting "Winter Sunday in Norway, Maine" has been attributed to Celesta Huff by art experts.

You don't say ~~~~~*

MAINE VACATIONER

"I've been coming to Maine for vacations the past ten years. I've been called sport, summer complaint, and turtle tourist when I drive my camper. Sometimes I get the feeling that some Mainers would be happier if I stayed home and mailed my money in." □

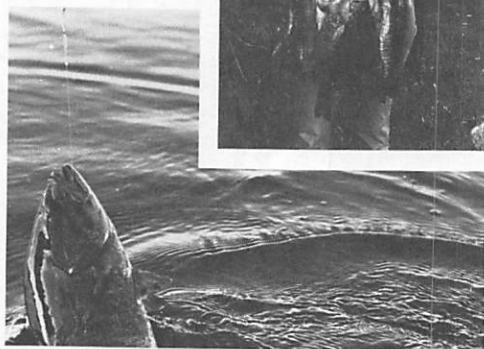
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You don't say

THE HEMLOCK COURT

Several years ago I owned a sizeable piece of land at the base of Bill Merrill Mountain in the area known as Hiram Hill. One day I received an attractive offer for the property and in discussing the boundaries, I came suddenly to the realization that I had no idea at all of the location of the south-easterly corner of the lot. The land came to me from my father, who got it from his father, who in turn got it from his father. The original deed was long gone.

Locating this corner could involve considerable expense; search of the county records; surveyors with double digit prices per hour.

I discussed my problem with Tom Sargent, an octogenarian whom I knew had been associated with my grandfather in his younger days. He allowed that he could help me. I opened the car door, he hopped in very nimbly and we started out. As we labored up Mill Hill in second gear I wondered if we could be pursuing the wild goose, but as we turned into Richardson Road Tom began to recognize land marks. "There is where the watering tub for the horses used to sit." Then: "There is the Robbins Meadow. I used to help Levi cut hay there."



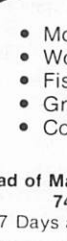
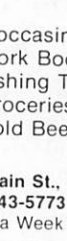
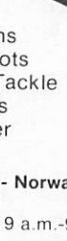
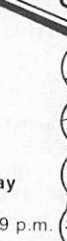

We passed a yawning cellar hole on our right. "Lorenzo French used to live there. He was a fiddle maker. He sold instruments to fiddlers as far off as Portland. That road there goes up to the Richardson Place. I used to go to barn dances there when I was a young feller."

Suddenly he said: "Whoa, stop right here!"

That was a good omen. He had realized we'd crossed the line onto my property. He struck off out of the car and through the underbrush definitely heading in the right direction. After considerable zigging and zagging we came to a stop in a small clearing. Tom pointed to a well-rotted but sizeable stump. "This is it. Here is where your Grandsire and his brother George fit over the line."

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"Fit?" I remembered that to Tom's generation the past tense of fight was fit. I had a vision of two brothers locked in mortal combat, struggling on the ground, clawing at each other's throats. "You mean they actually fought?"

"Yes, they were splitting up a lot that they had heired jointly from their father. George thought the line should run way over there a piece. Your Grandsire thought it should run right through here."

So they talked it over and then they scootched down by this stump and put their right elbows on it and clasped hands. I gave them the word 'GO' and they went to it. Your Grandsire turned his brother's arm down and that made him the winner. So they shook hands on it and set the corner right about here.

After considerable scratching in the leaves he struck something and with a little digging through the rubble of sixty years we found a pile of neatly arranged stones—unmistakably the missing corner.

How simply and inexpensively they had solved their problem! No lawyers, no surveyors, no litigation!

How simply Tom had solved my problem: no lawyers, no surveyors, no litigation.

I offered him a twenty-dollar bill which I was sure he could very well use. He didn't seem to hear or see me. He stood transfixed, his eyes seeing back through the years re-living the drama of long ago.

His unsteady voice came very gently: "I don't want your money—they two fellers was my friends!" □

Raymond Cotton
Hiram

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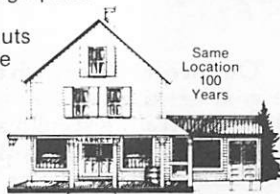
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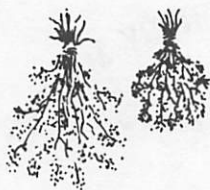
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NOTHING EXOTIC—JUST HERBS

by Pat Meader



One needn't be a witch to grow herbs, nor a gourmet cook to use them. In fact, since herbs are really just cultivated weeds, having little or no breeding work in their history, they require no finesse at all. A starter assortment of the commoner culinary herbs is easy; though, once growing herbs is begun, the difficulty is to keep one's enthusiasm within bounds.

For one thing, herbs tolerate poor soil. My patch is little more than sand. It is in a sunny location and is very well-drained. Occasionally, about twice a year, I root about in it to get rid of any witch-grass or milkweed seedlings, but otherwise light weeding is all that is required. Even that is mainly for aesthetic reasons. Many herbs compete quite successfully with the most pernicious weeds. We keep a vigorous patch of oregano and catnip around the greenhouse to hold down the soil. Both herbs are thriving.

I have devoted about 12 x 15 feet to herbs. This is larger than necessary for a kitchen garden. A family of herb fanciers could grow as much as they need in about 6 x 8 feet. Shortly, I'll lay out a hypothetical garden to show what I mean.

Seven herbs are, to my mind, essential for the kitchen: four annuals and three perennials. Let's begin with the perennials for once you've got them, you never have to worry about them again. (That's not strictly true. Anyone loving herbs won't be able to resist moving them around: starting a new lot of sage to replace the hoary old plants after three years, for example.)

The three perennials that my garden must have are sage, oregano, and thyme. Sage is a shrubby plant, running about 2½ feet high, with a woody stem and large, soft grey, pungent leaves. Oregano is as much ground cover as periwinkle or partridge berry; will spread wherever it's allowed; and has dark lavender blossoms which dry well for winter bouquets. Thyme is an insignificant twiggy plant, if you have the preferred French variety with tiny, slender, dark green leaves. Other varieties of thyme: "creeping,"

English, lemon, etc., are more spreading, with larger rounded leaves, but still small. These latter thymes do well on almost no soil at all: walkways, for instance, or rock gardens. In our proposed kitchen garden, we would like about three sage plants, a dozen French thyme and a couple of oregano clumps.

Requisite annuals for my kitchen are marjoram, savory, basil, and dill. Marjoram is actually an annual variety of oregano—low and spreading, though not as grasping as its cousin, with smaller and more delicate leaves. Its flavor is sweet, where oregano's is not. If your marjoram patch wintered over, it wasn't marjoram. The seed labels sometimes confuse one. Savory comes in two varieties: winter (a perennial), and summer (the one we want). This plant, with ¾-inch long, narrow but fleshy leaves, stands about a foot high and is THE stew herb, barring bay leaf, of course. Its rather strong but fine flavor does good things to eggs and cheese and is the core taste in the local "salted herbs." Basil, a favorite with Italian cooks, is just coming into its own around here. I grew the dark opal variety one year and didn't think I liked it. Then a friend of ours served up a pizza covered almost entirely with chopped basil and I was hooked. Basil is just as apt to be mistaken for spinach at the farmers' markets. The leaves are large, like leaf spinach, with a lettuce-like consistency and a pungent, almost-minty aroma. (Impossible to describe—cadge a leaf from a friend if you can.) It's a natural in tomato sauces and, in fact, good in almost anything; will hold its own in sausages, where marjoram might not; and still be fine in a sauce for which oregano would be far too strong. Dill, truly a cinderella, rounds off our annuals very nicely. A graceful, lacy plant, tall as asparagus gone to seed when mature, in my garden it's replanted every two weeks since, at its younger stage (about six inches high), the whole plant gets pulled and snipped into every other salad I make. It's mainly due to good management on the part of my husband (i.e. secret dill patches behind the

barn) that I get any dill seed for pickling at the rate we use it.

Now is the moment to lay out our plot. First: 12 thyme plants. You'll want all 12 because once you have a quantity of fresh thyme on hand you'll tend to snip off a sprig or two for practically anything—chicken, salads, cheese dishes, even tea. (Most herbs are helped by snipping, and they're much better—and different—fresh than dried.) The two clumps of oregano have a plot to themselves; they'll spread throughout the square and will need clipping back as they get greedy. You'll use a lot of oregano when you become more familiar with it, though a little goes a long way. It's good in lots more than spaghetti sauce. Meatloaf and boiled onions both come to mind. And then, the sage. Try sage in beans, for a start; and sage and thyme mixed in the next chicken you stuff. The back of our garden is set aside for dill. Now, with half a dozen each of savory, marjoram, and basil, we have a gap in our bed. That is because I have snuck two non-herbs into the patch: two kinds of parsley and scallions. An herb garden that's any use at all is right next to the kitchen door, easy to get at (i.e. clumps with room to walk around between rather

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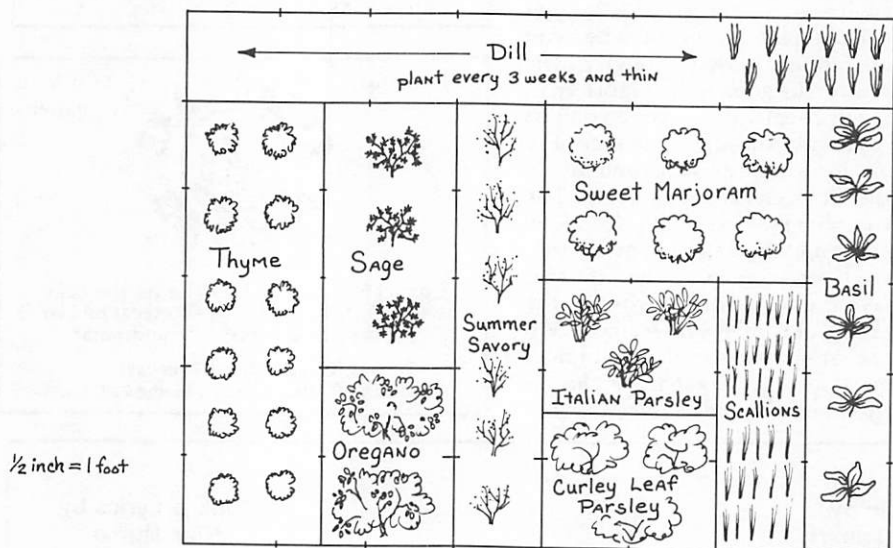
Hebron Academy

Sargent Gymnasium

than rows), and has everything you might need in it available for last-minute use. Parsley and scallions are superb fresh-picked, and best if sprinkled on the dish after the table is set. If you have to walk far, the soup's cold. That's why I plant three Italian (stronger-flavored, broad-leaved) parsley plants, and three of the more familiar curly varieties, plus a small pocket of scallions (little onions that don't bulb up but are plump and straight like leeks) by the kitchen door.

doesn't.

Scallions and dill are seeded direct—scallions as soon as you can get at your ground; dill after the last frost in the spring. The first dill planting might be a two-foot row, three seeds to the inch, which you can thin for salads, leaving a plant every six inches or so to go to seed for pickling. If dill is seeded every three weeks you should have plenty unless you do a lot of pickling. I'd scatter-sow scallions, again three seeds to the inch, on loosened soil, covering them



The only trick to starting herbs is to keep the flats sufficiently moist. They take a little longer to germinate than you'd expect, and really must not dry out in the process. We cover ours with clear plastic, raising the covering with toothpicks or something as the seedlings emerge. Most herbs like a warm temperature (60°) to germinate, and the plastic covering also may help to hold the heat if the house gets cool at night. With the exception of basil, seedlings are best transplanted to the garden when they're 2-3 inches high. (Basil should be about 6 inches.) Thyme, sage, oregano, marjoram, and basil should be started indoors and transplanted out when ready, though the latter two should wait until after your last frost, unless you take the precaution of covering them when frost seems imminent. If you've plenty of window space, I'd start parsley and savory indoors as well, if only to know that I've got them. Nothing is more depressing than waiting for something to come up that

with a 1/4-inch dusting of earth, and leave it at that.

A few things to keep in mind. It is a good idea to use new seed, or almost year-old seed. While this may seem wasteful for so few plants, herbs take so long to germinate that a flat that does not come means you're out of luck for that year. If you buy seedlings for this first year, avoid the fancier greenhouses if you can. It's a shame to buy single herb plants in pots for \$1.00 or more if you can get them some other way. If you have friends who grow herbs, it's quite likely they have extra. Or, with a little research, you should be able to find one of several smaller growers around who sell locally-grown herb seedlings at a reasonable price by the flat.

Finally, beware those friends who send you unused portions of exotic herbs saying you must try this. It took me three years to get the pennyroyal out of my herb garden and the "sacred" basil made almost everybody ill just with its aroma. I'm almost

certain it has self-sown all over the nursery row, another problem with unloved and therefore unharvested plants.

Oh, another thought: if the catalog says "a tender perennial" that means you can't grow it around here. Rosemary is one of those, and I'm beginning to think that the true (French) tarragon is another, although it grows in Kent's Hill and also at Poland Spring. Given a reputable seed company, the back of the seed packet helps, though the catalog copy may be on the skimpy side. With time to spend, a trip to someone's herb garden is your best information source. Herb people are avid "teller-abouters," and many of them are delighted to pass a clump of this or that along. I plan a spring trip every year to a garden I know near Augusta, with \$10.00 in my pocket and no checkbook. If I didn't I wouldn't be able to get it all in my truck. A notebook helps for jotting down tips. And be sure not to go with hayfever or a cold because much of the treat requires a working nose and tongue.

Then there's the potpourris and the herb teas . . . ☐

Pat Meader lives in Buckfield, where she operates a farm with her husband, John.

LISTENING

I April I lay on a knoll
An island of bleached grass
surrounded by snow

Forty yards away
And forty feet up
An old elm grew a hawk

I called to the hawk
"Do you hear the freed waters
in the brook below?"

The hawk's head turned
dipped as wings lifted
I followed the hawk higher
until circling against the sun
both wingtips burst fire

Winslow Durgin
Minot



BitterSweet

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Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

EMPATHY

She has epilepsy and has just now left my office, tearstreaked, clutching the prescription that was my answer to her problem. With the phone interruptions, the full waiting room shifting its weight at my back, and the incessant summonses to the hospital, we talked only too briefly. And now I know that the few words of reassurance and the vial of pills were hardly an answer to her anxieties.

She had begun, "You're going to think I'm crazy, but . . ." and began her history of strange thoughts coming with increasing frequency, mental lapses which interrupted her concentration, and increasingly poor performance at school. For me the history was an exciting intellectual challenge, and the red flags kept popping up: aura, uncinatate lobe, psychomotor seizures, rhinencephalon. Epilepsy. Colored by years of medical study, that word conjures up for me a fascinating biological phenomenon, awesome, and revealing of a part of nature's way, much as an eclipse or a meteor shower or an electrical storm might pull aside nature's curtain . . . yes, an electric storm. Short-out the circuitry here and the hand twitches; there and a memory emerges; over here, and a smell may manifest itself. In its many forms, epilepsy reveals nature's most mysterious black box.

But therein lies the rub. Disease happens to people, after all, and in that afflicting, loses its fascination, as when the lightning burns the neighbor's barn. What is it about epilepsy that in all of the medical learning I have forgotten? Perhaps therein lies a clue to developing empathy.

Twenty-five years ago . . . almost done with the paper route, I lean my bike against a granite building and take a Journal in to Scratch, who runs the pool hall at the Masonic Temple.

"Collect, Scratch," I say and wait for him to stir from his throne and get my money.

Four big kids are playing Straight to 300, shooting good pool, running a rack or two at each turn. They're cool, button-down collars, chinos, loafers, the whole deal. This one guy with the squint against the Bogart butt in the corner of his mouth, boy, can he run them. God, I wish I could be him. Scratch hands me four dimes, and I drop one in the Coke machine, suck on the chipped bottle, and watch. There's five bucks in the pot, seven balls on the table, and Bogart's up; he's got an easy run and can win it all. He chalks up, plans, stoops easy with that cool open bridge of his, and lines up his next shot. Suddenly he stands bolt upright, drops the cue, and hits the floor like a dropped tree. While his buddies stand there slack-jawed, he's thrashing on the floor like the devil's got him. Scratch is on the floor like a shot, kicking over a spittoon in the process, ramming his wallet in Mr. Cool's mouth before I can say a Hail Mary. Then, as fast as it started, it's all over. Lips bleeding, crotch stained, Bogart sits among the cigarette butts, and now, he's not so cool any more. For me, and for his three fair-weather friends, his cover's blown.

Amid the clutter of patients' charts, telephone messages, and lab slips, I sit at the end of a busy day and reflect on that terrible

Disease happens to people, after all, and in that afflicting, loses its fascination, as when the lightning burns the neighbor's barn.

moment of twenty-five years ago. What shame that boy had to endure! How lacking in control of his life he must have felt! He must have quaked against the threat of the next moment when that switch would be thrown, and he would be subjected to humiliation among friends, at the malt shop, or at a dance with his best girl.

What a long black history has epilepsy. Those with seizures were stoned, imprisoned, hanged, burned at the stake. The gross injustice of it! A scar to any other part of one's anatomy is just a scar after all; a scar in the brain, however, gives birth (in others) to demons, witches, Evil itself.

But this is today and not twenty-five years ago, not the Middle Ages. Much of what epilepsy is has been sorted out, and its treatment certainly much less painful than hanging. Epilepsy is no longer synonymous

with insanity, dementia, senility. In fact, its most depressing feature today is that it is so often unrecognized, and for lack of the label, however abhorrent, the person can be lost. I shudder to think of the children in the throes of a petit mal seizure who are yanked and slapped for inattentiveness, or those with definite warning signs of epilepsy who drive a car or swim, untreated.

How paradoxical that this girl, who had the courage to seek medical advice for such strange and bizarre symptoms and who will now begin again a productive life, should go on thinking less of herself. How unjust that she, and others, should demean that very organ, with its infinitesimal, microscopic short circuit; that organ—her brain—that had figured out the problem in the first place and had asked for help.

I walk out to the appointment books. Next visit she will need more time. □

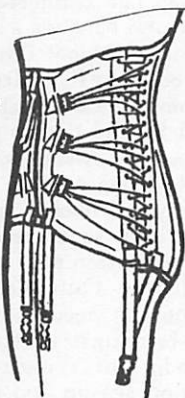
Dr. Lacombe, a member of Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, is on the health education committee at Stephens Memorial Hospital in Norway.

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YES, OTTA - A DOVE!*

Maybe He did it on purpose, Otta,
Perhaps it was part of a plan,
To send a squabbling, warlike bird
As a symbol of peace to Man.

Perhaps he thought that was all we'd see
With our own shortsighted eyes.
It had to be something to which we'd relate—
Something we'd recognize.

Maybe we'd never have looked again,
Or taken it as a sign
If the little bird with the olive branch
Hadn't been dressed up fine.

If a pugnacious dove can coo of love
Almost since time began;
If quarrelling can carry an olive branch—
Then maybe there's hope for Man.

Martha B. Shaw
Bridgton

**Written in response to Otta Louise Chase's poem "Illogical Ideology" which appeared in the January issue and is reprinted below.*
—Ed.

ILLOGICAL IDEOLOGY

The symbol of peace is the little dove,
With feathers far whiter than snow.
He flies with an olive branch, cooing love . . .
Who chose him I never will know.

It must have been someone who had no lore,
Who never observed them in flocks.
They battle in unceasing avian war,
Those hens and their pugnacious cocks.

They fight their own kind and other birds,
too.

Their quarelling just will not cease.
Any good bird man will say this is true:
A DOVE as the emblem of PEACE?

Otta Louise Chase
Sweden



The Home Front

Like castles and cathedrals the buildings raised by nineteenth century Maine farmers stand as monuments to the era in which they rose.



Late nineteenth century buildings, Newry-Hanover line

A Nice Set of Buildings

by G. R. Allen

Driving with someone native to Oxford County, it's not uncommon to hear, lightly sprinkled throughout the conversation, the comment, "Now, there's a nice set of buildings." Nothing arouses local pride quicker than the buildings of a Maine farm. Sometimes constructed as a completely connected unit, the variety of shapes gathered into a complex has two major architectural elements: the farmhouse and the barn. In the rural landscape, these structures embody not only the shape of one

family's achievement, but the flourishing of a local building tradition amidst often-uncertain economics of nineteenth-century agriculture.

They weren't always built that way, of course. The connected farmstead, uniting house and barn via a series of outbuildings, was a traditional English way of building utilized in the first farm complexes put up in the new world, but the tradition had long faded by the time northern New England was settled. A settler in Oxford County in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century was likely to build a dwelling house and a barn separate from each other. The barn was often placed across the road from the house. Outbuildings were erected at random, as needed, on the property. The early farming of northern New England was a product of Yankee ingenuity; the short growing season and not-overly fertile soil were always hard on even the best of farmers, and the development of the new nation provided little stability to nurture New England agriculture. The countryside began to lose population almost as soon as it was thoroughly settled—to expanding

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*Mineral Spring Farm,
Greenwood*

industrial cities of the northeast, to "Ohio fever," and then to "Gold fever." Despite this situation—perhaps even because of it—New England farm buildings grew first more organized and then larger and more imposing in their architectural form, as the nineteenth century advanced.¹

New England farmers liked to be thought "progressive." In the 1840's and 1850's, ideas of "order," "efficiency," and "fitness" became popular in farm management and in architecture. These ideas were often religious as well as practical; the Greek and the Gothic styles in architecture both had a



*The Homestead,
Andover*

¹In articles in the *Maine Historical Society Quarterly*, Winter 1978 and Spring 1979, architectural historian Thomas Hubka outlines the history of this development and suggests some reasons for it. Much of this article is developed from a reading of his work.

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"moral" justification: it was thought good buildings would make good men. In response to this call for order, and perhaps to consolidate the achievements of settlement, the New England farmer began to build the connected complexes, or to move his older buildings into tighter, more harmonious arrangements.

The coming of the railroads in the 1850's opened many new markets for farm commodities, but after the Civil War, with the development of the fertile west and midwest farmlands, New England agriculture became increasingly irrelevant to the nation. By the 1870's, even butter was delivered to Boston from the midwest more cheaply and more swiftly than it could be gotten from the New England hinterland. Yet in Maine, against this backdrop of fluctuating markets and frequent changes in farming specialties, the late nineteenth century saw the farm as an architectural ensemble brought to fruition. The building complexes of this era staked out a bold claim for an old institution—the independent farm—in terms as grandiose as the nation's idea of itself, yet as contained and self-sufficient as the Yankees who worked them.

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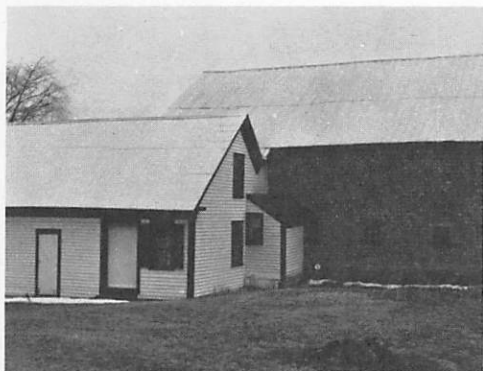
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Connection between shed and barn, Greenwood

Barns grew larger, as dairying took up the slack caused by declining markets for crops and livestock. They were sometimes built to house thirty cattle on a side, with a large central drive-through aisle for vehicular traffic. The farmhouse too grew in size and pretension. It was no longer a one-and-a-half story "cape" (though some of these were built over and enlarged to serve the expanded farm unit). The new model was likely to be as large in scale as the barn to which it was connected; it housed the

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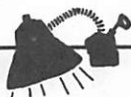
(We're expanding — so please excuse our disorderly appearance)



Gregory Inn, Mexico

"extended" families typical of the age. The main facades faced south, usually. Sometimes the cape was retained to form the first link in a chain of buildings—kitchen, summer kitchen, milk room, shed, shop, stable—that connected the house to the barn. The connection had its practical side—it sheltered the workyard from the cold northern winds, and the farmer from wintery weather, though the shortest route

between the house and barn was most likely to be not through the cluttered multiplex sheds but rather out the kitchen door and across the workyard. The grand scale of these farms, though, and their often-spectacular settings, speak to an architectural idea not strictly utilitarian: as New England agriculture became increasingly an isolated occupation, erratic in its fortunes, it also devised for itself a



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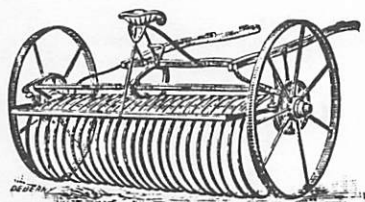
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 go over'em, more'n likely.
 Rampagin' like that
 it looks kinds driven,
 Sorta uncontrolled.
 But, you know,
 it goes the same course, every year.
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 E'yuh time for spring thaw.

JoAnne Zwynna Kerr
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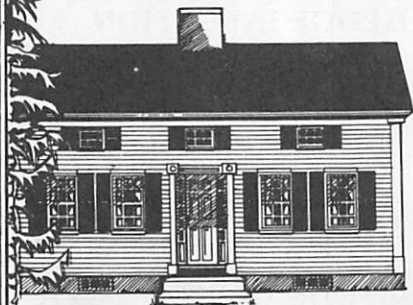
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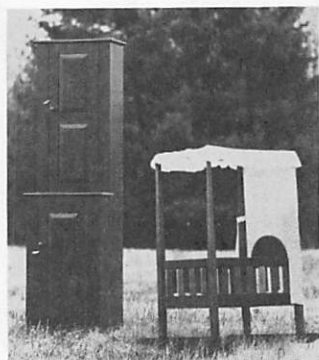
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*Barn of the Twitchell-Douglass house:
separate but more than equal*

contained yet dramatic form that declared the pride and ambitions of its practitioners. Some of the most striking complexes in Oxford County date from the late 1880's and the 1890's—not a boom time for agriculture in New England generally.

Soon thereafter the balance and order of the buildings began to break down. Many newly-built barns were not cow barns, but horse barns, built to serve the developing timber industry and completely overwhelming the small houses attached to

them. By the 1920's, farmhouses were little more than glorified bungalows, and the connection between house and barn no longer had the sort of architectural tension and interest one sees in the constructions of the '80's and '90's.

Like castles and cathedrals the buildings raised by nineteenth century Maine farmers stand today as monuments to the era in which they rose. In some the barns have fallen in. In others the house is down, the barn still up. Some have never stopped

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functioning as farms, of course, and others have new owners, attempting to revive the type of agriculture for which they were built. Abandoned or in use—these "nice sets of buildings" continue to be a cherished part of the Maine countryside. □

G. R. Allen is project director for the Oxford County Historical Resource Survey—recording the historical architecture of the area. Volunteers interested in assisting with the survey should contact Allen at 824-2908 or 875-5225. **Country Inns of America** is Allen's most recently published work.

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PEDDLER PAGE

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WANTED: A picture of the steam-boat *Laura-Eva* (featured in a story by Raymond Cotton in last month's magazine) is supposed to have existed on a souvenir post card. If any person has knowledge of such a card the Hiram Historical Society would be interested.

BRAINTEASER XIX

On the twenty-second floor of an apartment house lives a five-year-old boy with unusual habits. Each morning, as he leaves for school, he rides the self-service elevator down to the lobby. Each afternoon he rides the same elevator up to the nineteenth floor and then walks up the remaining three flights to his apartment. Can you think of a reasonable explanation for his peculiar behavior?

ANSWER MAR./APR. BRAINTEASER

Abbie Welch of Oxford was the first to notify us of how the royal cannonball escape would be carried off: First the cannonball would be placed in one basket, bringing up the other basket. The 90-lb. son then rode down, taking up the cannonball. The queen took the cannonball out and her 105-lb. daughter rode down, bringing the 90-lb. son back up. They dropped the cannonball again and her son rode down once more, bringing the cannonball up again. Then the 90-lb. son and 105-lb. daughter climbed into the basket on the ground and the 195 lb. queen rode down, bringing her children up. Everyone got out of the baskets and they lowered the cannonball once more. The son went down and the cannonball up. The daughter traded places with the cannonball and went down, while the son came up. They both got out, the son lowered the cannonball, got into the basket and went down again.

Also answering correctly was Dana Hall of Lewiston and Christina Rowden of Bridgton.

Winners of the February Brainteaser were Lauri and Mike Kiesman of North Bridgton who reasoned that from the information given, Brown must have voted for Smith or Thompson the first time.

Jerry Banks of Norway; Michael Delehanty, Otisfield; Howard Smith, Pittsburg, Pa.; Lyle Wiggin, Bethel; Don Carrier, Oxford; Dana Hall, Lewiston; James Carroll, Oxford also answered correctly. □

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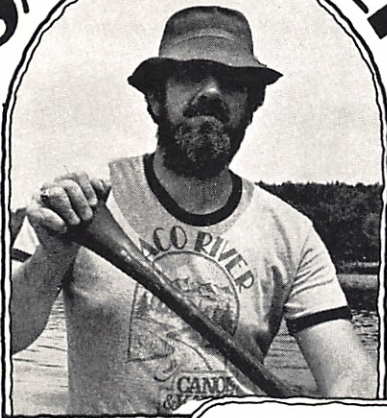
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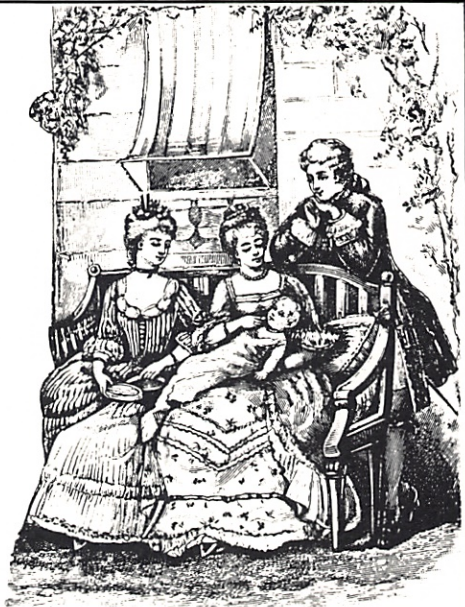
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